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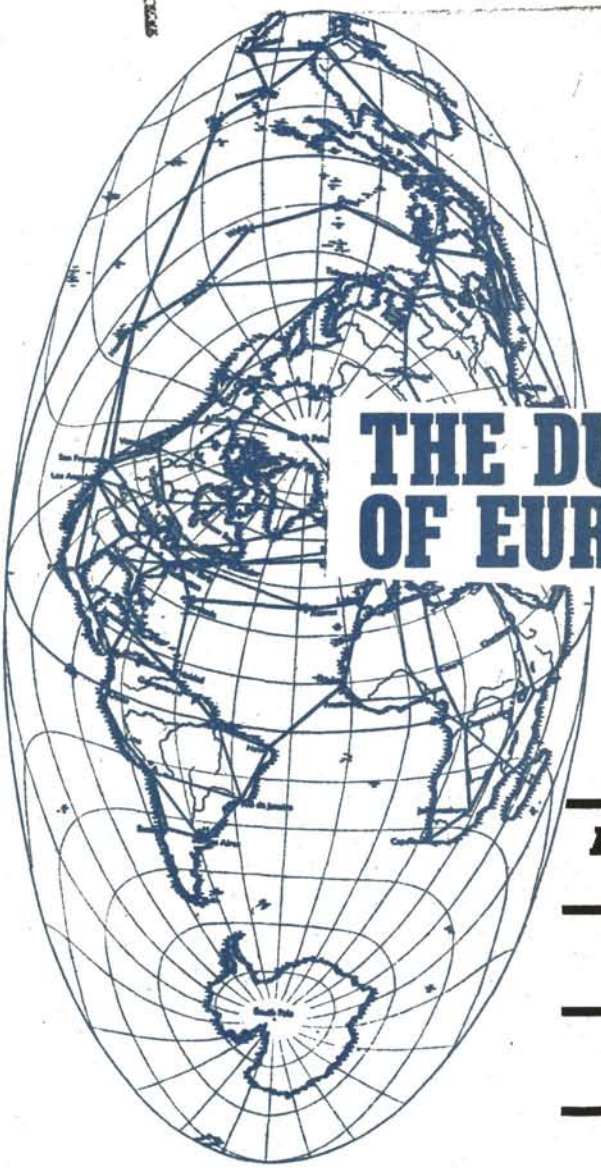

THE DUBIOUS EXISTENCE OF EUROPE

JAMES V. SCHALL

ASKING THE UNTHINKABLE?
THOMAS A. DONOVAN

1976 CAMPAIGN YEAR
SISYPHUS

GUMS
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

JAGGER AND THE STONES
BRUCE COOK

DAY OF INFAMY, 1971
DAVID S. TOOLAN

THREE-MINUTE IDEAS
JOHN GARVEY

ALSO: NORRIS MERCHANT, ROBERT PHILLIPS, JAN B. GORDON, MARK TAYLOR, LAURENCE J. SASSO, JR., ELLEN MURPHY

DOROTHY H. DONNELLY

WOMEN-PRIESTS

Does Philadelphia Have A Message for Rome?

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NEWS & VIEWS

Illegal Aliens

One positive effect of the Vietnamese refugee problem is to point up the anomaly whereby "illegal aliens" are frequently hunted down like runaway slaves, while no effort is spared in the relocation and resettlement of the Vietnamese refugees—many of whom, it turns out, are here no more legitimately than those Mexicans who were swept up recently in Chicago and given a choice between a one-way bus ticket back to Mexico and two months in Cook County Jail awaiting trial, with deportation almost inevitable.

No one begrudges the Vietnamese refugees their fair treatment and last measure of American compassion. But compassion in the one direction demands compassion in other directions as well, including for illegal aliens.

Thus it was that three American bishops—Archbishop Robert F. Sanchez of Santa Fe, Bishop Gilbert E. Chavez of the San Diego and Auxiliary Bishop Patrick F. Flores of San Antonio—joined in a message last April to President Ford pointing up the "inconsistency" between the intention to bring in over 100,000 Vietnamese aliens and the insistence on deporting thousands of aliens already in the country.

Since then, the Vienamese refugees have arrived, of course—130,000 strong. And, happy day, voices have grown stronger for the illegal alien. Recently, Msgr. George G. Higgins of the U.S. Catholic Conference appeared before a House Subcommittee on Immigration, Citizenship and International Law and asked amnesty for them, a recommendation that was subsequently endorsed by the governing body of the Holy Name Province of the Order of Friars Minor (Franciscans) in the U.S. It was the first time that the group had taken a public stand on a controversial issue.

Then, just a fortnight ago, Catholic migration officials in the New York area joined in an appeal for legislation granting amnesty to illegal aliens. "We are not in favor of illegality," said Father Anthony J. Bevilacqua, director of the Brooklyn diocese's Migration Office. But, he added, "simple compassion demands that we react to the plight of otherwise law-abiding illegal aliens who are here now and have built up equity—in jobs, by establishing families, by enrolling their children in local schools, etc." He spoke on behalf of officials of five dioceses and the center for Migration Studies on Staten Island.

Maybe this concern for the illegal aliens would have cropped up without the stimulus of the Vietnamese influx. But it is doubtful. As recently as last February, for instance, a major U.S. archdiocese was suspected of "collaborating" with immigration agents in hunting down illegal aliens, whose cases were then disposed of, allegedly, with no regard for due-process regulations.

One hears less of that sort of thing now, and for this maybe one can be grateful for the Vietnamese migration.

Incidentally, much of the antipathy towards illegal aliens stems from opinion that they take jobs away from unemployed Americans, drain welfare funds and fail to pay taxes. As Father Bevilacqua pointed out, much of this is fiction. Most illegal aliens fill jobs that "our own citizens are unwilling to take"; they are not eligible for welfare assistance and furthermore do not seek such benefits for fear of being detected; and they do pay taxes. Employers withhold taxes and Social Security from their paychecks —or they're supposed to— and though many aliens are eligible for tax refunds, they never apply . . . also for fear of being apprehended.

The Ex-Bishop Route

What's become of Bernard M. Kelly, the former auxiliary bishop of Providence, R.I., and Vietnam-war critic, who resigned from the hierarchy in 1971 in frustration over what he called the intransigence of the U.S. bishops?

He's followed the former auxiliary bishop of St. Paul-Minneapolis, James P. Shannon, into law and marriage.

Kelly, 57, is now performing legal services in Providence as part of the requirement for a law degree from Northeastern University in Boston. His work involves research for lawyers handling cases for poor people having problems with housing, welfare rights, bankruptcy, etc.

His wife, the former Anna Campbell, is working for the administrator of the Human Resources Institute in Brookline, Mass.

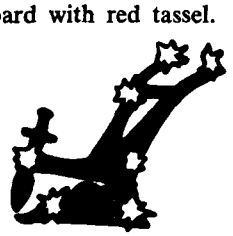
Kelly told an interviewer that he had hoped his resignation would put "pressure" on the hierarchy to change, but observed that after four years he did not think the bishops had changed much.

Opportunity Lost

The first doctorates in canon law, a pontifical degree, to be awarded to women by Catholic University went last month to two nuns.

As canon lawyers, the nuns —Dominican Sister Lucy Vazquez of Media, Pa., and Ursuline Sister Judith Anne Barnhiser of Toledo—were entitled to don at commencement exercises the red biretta, the four-cornered hat which since the Middle Ages has been exclusively associated with men and priests.

Instead, the Sisters chose to wear the more familiar mortarboard with red tassel.



A university official reported that the Sisters wished to avoid the impression that their new positions in the Church make them threats to an all-male priesthood. "They'd rather get down to work in their chosen field," he said.

Watergate Postscript

Jill Vollner, assistant special prosecutor in the Watergate case, declares that she was not taken seriously by the Watergate defendants early in the investigation—simply because she was a woman.

Liberation News Service quotes Vollner on her first meeting with Jeb Magruder and his lawyer.

"They assumed I was a secretary," she remarked. "When a male assistant prosecutor asked them if they wanted some coffee, Magruder immediately turned to me and said, 'I'll take mine black.' "

Odds and Ends

—Houghton-Mifflin is catching it from the United Native Americans of San Francisco for its eighth-grade textbook, *This Is America's Story*. Objections include references to Indians as "savages" and "hostile savages"; implications that American history begins with the whites; and attitudes that make possible the following statement on p. 431: "In the centuries that Indians inhabited North America, they had done little to improve or advance their way of life. 'Should the Indian be allowed to stop settlement and progress?' the white man asks. The more they suffered from Indian attacks, the stronger the frontiermen felt 'the only good Indian is a dead Indian.' "

—Ecclesia's Law of Inverse Proportion (figures from the *1975 Official Catholic Directory):* Diocesan priests declined by 53 in the U.S. during 1974 to 36,005; bishops increased by 16 to 313. JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Israel's Options

Waverly, Mass.

To the Editors: In the "Moral Meaning of Israel" [Mar. 14] Michael Novak writes that Israel is "perhaps as fully democratic, as fully socialist and as fully free in its institutions and in its ideals as any Western State." Israel is a "state compassionate toward and responsible to its citizens." Is he serious? Israel is a democracy only for Jews, just as South Africa is only for Whites. But Palestinian Christians and Moslems are either second-class citizens of Israel, or worse, exiled from their homeland, or oppressed in the occupied lands. All of this has been amply documented in the Western media and by Israeli civil libertarians. Why should *Commonweal* carry such an apologia for oppression? Is Israel a sacred cow? Can Jews do to non-Jews what is clearly anti-Semitism when Jews are the victims?

Novak fears that Americans might pressure Israel for "oil dollars," not "justice." True, a danger. But *justice* demands Israel evacuate the occupied lands and repatriate Palestinian refugees. The alternatives we face are not a "betrayal of Israel" versus the kind of support for Israel's annexationist policies that led to the 1973 War. (Novak warns about a possible *future* "betrayal" of Israel; yet he is silent about the *actual* past and present "betrayal" of Palestinians by American politicians seeking "Zionist dollars.") There is a third alternative, the realization that justice for Palestinian Arabs and security for Israeli Jews are interdependent and not mutually exclusive. It is therefore in the interest of Israeli Jews as well as Palestinians that people like Novak cease viewing Israel through rose-colored glasses. Israel needs constructive criticism, not eulogies, from her friends. Israelis, like Whites in Southern Africa, live in a dream world if they assume they can oppress indigenous peoples without opposition

(*Continued on page 222*)

NEWS & VIEWS: 194 **CORRESPONDENCE:** 195
EDITORIAL: 195
ASKING THE UNSPEAKABLE?: *Thomas A. Donovan* 196
WASHINGTON REPORT: *1976 Campaign Year: Sisyphus* 198
THE DUBIOUS EXISTENCE OF EUROPE: *James V. Schall* 200
WOMEN-PRIESTS: *Dorothy H. Donnelly* 206
VERSE: *Sr. Ellen Murphy* 205; *Laurence J. Sasso, Jr.* 211
THE SCREEN: *Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.* 210
JAGGER AND THE STONES: *Bruce Cook* 212
DAY OF INFAMY, 1971: *David S. Toolan* 215
THREE-MINUTE IDEAS: *John Garvey* 216
BOOKS: *Norris Merchant, Robert Phillips, Jan B. Gordon, Mark Taylor* 218

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TO THE GRADUATES . . .

The most important thing for you now should be how you feel about what has happened to your country while you have been in college.

Almost four years ago, in September 1971, when most of you were in your first week of college classes, the State of New York resolved a prison rebellion by ordering its troopers to storm the prison yard where a group of hostages were held. They plowed in blasting away and mowed down 29 prisoners, most of them black, and nine innocent hostages, whom the prisoners themselves had not harmed.

This iron-heel solution to a complex social conflict was publicly accepted as the appropriate response of the State. The State—as if it were a kid in a neighborhood vacant lot—had to present itself as *tough*. It had to teach rebels a lesson in a way that was emotionally reassuring to its pseudo-masculine image of itself—no matter what the human cost.

Your education—whether you think of it this way or not—is framed by Attica and last month's miserable little battle (with 38 American dead) for the Mayaguez; and it is frightening to realize how much that first decision has become emblematic of the history of the last four years. The governor who ordered the attack became your Vice President, replacing a man who had both replaced the previous Vice President who was a crook, and then the President, who was also a crook, and whom he immediately pardoned. All four men saw themselves as tough. Indeed this strange anxiety of our leaders to have "credibility" because they gave the appearance of toughness seems to knit together the issues that should have touched you most during your college years.

They were tough on demonstrators, "welfare chislers," and the war resisters—some your older brothers—who still will get no amnesty because they had no stomach for a certain kind of fight. When the President feared impeachment he decided to "tough it out." He bombed Hanoi at Christmas to prove to President Thieu that he could do it. If citizens questioned this, they were spied on. If foreign leaders stood in our way, we talked about having them killed. What did you learn in your ethics class about this?

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Most of you were born a little too late for the Movement—to have your moral spirit forged by the march against the Pentagon, the Chicago Democratic Convention, Resurrection City, the Counter-Inaugural, the Moratorium, the March against Death and the 1971 Mayday demonstration where, for the last time, the Movement asked, as I. F. Stone put it, "Will you be a good German and look the other way?" But you need not feel deprived. There will be other tests. There was once a feeling that anyone who had not fought a war was less a "man." Your war will be against cynicism.

If you have shrugged at the violence and corruption of the last several years and decided that these events were beyond your control—since you, as a pre-med, were already worrying about your malpractice insurance; or if you saw these abberations as just a few more entries in the boring catalogue of human folly; or if you have been satisfied to label this behavior pattern with a cliché like "All wars kill people," "Power corrupts," "The media blew it all out of proportion," or "Everybody did it only these men got caught," then your education has failed. For the truly educated man is not allowed the refuges of cynicism or complacency. The cynic is intellectually and morally dead. The stirrings of outrage—the quiet marshaling of your anger—at every new evidence of hypocrisy and injustice, no matter how much rottenness you have already seen, will prove that your best self, as you know yourself now, is still alive. For when you are too tired or busy to be shocked you are also too tired or busy to sing, to read poetry, to listen to Beethoven and to love.

In place of this national worship of toughness which your class has seen do so much harm, put something that is ultimately more delicate, more difficult, more Christian and more strong. College is a place to make friends. Not friends in the sense that the "dirty tricks" crew were friends in college, or that the men who thought out loud about assassinations sailed, dined and played tennis together, nor that the perjurers and conspirators were "loyal" to their Chief when he had betrayed them and the public trust long before. Cicero said that true friendship could exist only among good men. The tough men, walled off from the strong voices of honest men, knew neither true friendship nor self-doubt. They could afford neither. You, and the country you will love, can afford no less.

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THE CIA INVESTIGATION

ASKING THE UNTHINKABLE?

It seems likely, when the Senate's investigation of the Central Intelligence Agency is finally behind us, that new and stronger barriers to agency involvement in domestic affairs will have been erected. It is much less likely that any substantial changes will have been imposed on the agency's activities overseas. Too many senators have explained that the investigation is not a threat to the agency's continuing ability to carry out its "basic mission" for us to expect from the Congress any real change in CIA's mandate for clandestine intelligence collection beyond our borders.

This is a pity, for there is need for a careful look at this "basic mission." We should ask: Should we not, while retaining within the agency's sphere of operations all of its present open intelligence-collection activities, put an end to its present excessive preoccupation with the collection of information by the traditional methods of espionage?

We would still have our observation satellites overhead. We would still listen to (and if we are clever enough, even read) other people's radio traffic. We would continue, as in the past, to learn what we could from knowledgeable defectors and other walk-in document-deliverers, such as Oleg Penkovsky. We would still take normal counter-intelligence precautions. Moreover, we would still have in an aboveboard way, our batteries of intelligence analysts making their customarily careful analyses. We have been told by CIA spokesmen that the overwhelming bulk of the information worked over by agency analysts emanates from more or less open sources, and only a tiny percentage comes from the products of traditional spy work.

As for agency officers at CIA stations in embassies and consulates through the world, we could keep them on the job, going to cocktail parties and circulating as conventional diplomats do. The unconventional but sophisticated political reporting talents of agency personnel abroad already largely focused on and concerned with open available information, are an asset that would not be diminished by depriving them of their authorization to act, for a few hours each week, like characters in a spy novel. All in all, then, an abrupt end to the shabby expedients now indulged in by our collectors of (or rather, lookers for) clandestine political intelligence would be a long way indeed from total intelligence disarmament.

Certainly the record does not suggest that Russia's immense investment of men and money in clandestine intelligence collection has been all that useful. The Soviets have been taken by surprise quite as often as, perhaps oftener than their Western rivals. They did not expect that Nkrumah would be overthrown in Ghana

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or that Sukarno would fall in Indonesia. They did not foresee that the U.S. would take pictures of the missiles in Cuba, or react to them as it did. They have been as often surprised by startling developments in East Europe as the rest of us. Yet in all of these countries the Soviets have long possessed large clandestine intelligence-collection programs, and in some of them they have even controlled the local intelligence apparatuses.

Is it, then, worthwhile for us as a nation to have on the payroll at Langley a set of specialized civil servants to collect information for us by burglary, bribery and blackmail? For this is what we are really talking about in our sanitized langugage about the agency's "basic mission" to collect clandestine intelligence.

My own experience, as an information collector and intelligence processor of sorts in the Foreign Service and the State Department, is that we could get along nicely without blackmail, bribery and burglary. No one who has not gone abroad on a diplomatic assignment can appreciate how much our representatives overseas are handicapped by the reasonable suspicion that they have been sent to bribe or blackmail their way into possession of the classified internal trivia of another country's bureaucratic machinery of government. Certainly, in my own tours of duty in Eastern Europe I have appreciated the legitimate anxiety of casual foreign acquaintances as to whether I was other than I seemed to be. Was I, under diplomatic cover, someone whose organizational imperatives made it routine for him to be ready to ruin the lives of his foreign contacts—in the presumed "national interest" of the United States, but in practice mostly to win points for himself in his home organization?

I have firsthand knowledge of one such agency effort. The victim was a young member of the Czechoslovak Mission in West Berlin who had the misfortune to meet, and subsequently to be propositioned by, a free-lance American journalist whose acquaintance he made at a dinner in my home in West Berlin.

My role in the matter seemed harmless. I inferred correctly enough that the journalist whom I was asked (by an agency employee in the U.S. Mission) to invite to my house was not, in fact, a legitimate American correspondent. I had never heard of the news agency listed on his calling card. Though I knew, therefore, that I was being used by the agency to help bring these two men together (this is why I took up the agency man on his offer to pick up the tab on the cost of the dinner)—I rather simple-mindedly supposed that this was an inconsequential favor on my part. The Czech would be too wily to bite, I assumed, and if I didn't make the the meeting possible someone else would.

Several years later in Washington, a professor friend from MIT just back from a trip to Prague, told me he had met somebody I knew. My young Czech diplomat had been assigned to escort him about Prague. Why was he no longer in the diplomatic service?, the professor had asked. The young Czech had candidly replied that he had accepted an invitation to dinner at an American diplomat's house in West Berlin and there he met an American correspondent who made him an offer to work for the American intelligence service. He turned down the offer and informed his superiors. But they, in the way of intelligence organizations—and maybe this what the agency had had in mind all along—called him home and cashiered him. After all, if the Americans could have had reason to suppose he might be a weak link in Czechoslovak security, then better to play it safe and put him on the shelf in Prague.

An unimportant enough affair in the end, no doubt. Diplomats have to live with such hazards. But now it is no longer just the diplomats who come under a cloud from this sort of thing. Whole professions have been tainted by reasonable doubts as to their bona fides. Can one wonder, from the above instance, that suspicious security services in even the backwaters of the world now feel they cannot afford to be indifferent to the comings and goings of U.S. newsmen?

The Senate investigators should ask, at long last, whether the national interest is really served by having this unworthy and ultimately useless activity continue to be carried on by career civil servants of the U.S. government. The senators must go beyond a limited effort to satisfy themselves that the clandestine arm of the agency henceforth operates more clearly within the agency's charter. They must redraw the agency's "basic mission" to exclude the kind of reliance on blackmail, bribery and burglary that has become such a characteristic feature of clandestine intelligence collection. No amount of fussing with the intelligence agency's operating instructions—no new ordinances specifying, say, what kinds of newspapermen may or may not be used in what kinds of operations—nothing of this kind will set things right.

The senators have, anyway, a unique opportunity to seek an answer to the question of whether our own record over the last 25 years shows clearly and decisively that slavish imitation of the Soviet KGB has promoted our real national interests in any significant way.

They might try to balance the agency's inflated and thus far undocumented claims to occasional modest successes against its all too painful failures. The committee should satisfy itself, for example, as to whether the agency has needed its license to practice blackmail, bribery and burglary beyond our borders in its much vaunted performance in gaining possession of the text of Khrushchev's secret speech of 1956 on the crimes of Stalin. In fact, several copies of the speech were simply passed to U.S. officials abroad by foreign Communists who were anxious to get it into general circulation quickly and who were indifferent to the fact that a decision would be taken in Washington to treat the wind-

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fall as a coup of CIA's clandestine intelligence collectors.

At any rate, my own exposure—in a Foreign Service career of 25 years—to a representative cross section of the Top Secret output of the collectors of clandestine political intelligence convinced me that the game of authorized blackmail, bribery and burglary has been worth as little abroad as at home. The senators will conclude as much, I suspect, if they try to see for themselves.

THOMAS A. DONOVAN

(*Thomas A. Donovan was a Foreign Service officer in several European countries and Iran. His writings have appeared in the* Washington Post.)

WASHINGTON REPORT

1976 CAMPAIGN YEAR

The "deadline" for filing for the presidential nominations is a long time away, but the political rail-birds are talking as if it were almost post-time. *Newsweek* magazine recently printed a "cover" story about Senator Kennedy's intentions—another in an interminable series of speculations as to whether "Teddy" will or won't (run). The declared Democratic candidates are speaking wherever a crowd can be gathered. The Republicans, traditionally more reserved in their public demeanor, do also have their contest. But Republicans, with a characteristic touch of Easthampton-La Jolla nastiness, try to reserve their differences until after the doors of their meeting rooms are closed—and locked.

On the surface, Republicans appear to have an easier time of it. After all, Gerald Ford, the sitting president, is one of them. The tyranny of the incumbency, be it Republican or Democratic, is a difficult one to overcome. However, it may not be quite so formidable in the 1976 presidential election year, because President Ford was neither nominated by his party nor elected at a general election. His ascendancy to the vice presidency was a result of Agnew's criminalities. And Ford's subsequent ascendancy to the presidency is a result of Nixon's being driven from office in disgrace. Therefore, one political aspect of the presidency does not exist for Ford—those innumerable and important strands of support that an incumbent president develops in the course of (a) his striving for the nomination by his political party and (b) the general election campaign. The barters, the alliances, the friendships of convenience, these and others—all forged during the expedition of a successful candidate for the presidency—are missing in Ford's situation. Ford's position is more reminiscent of the early days of the Republic when, before the advent of the national nominating convention, congressional caucuses put forward competing candidates.

Ford also has a problem with a party colleague, Ronald Reagan, who desires to be president. Reagan, rightist views and all, is not incompetent. Perhaps, more able than Ford. He's certainly more experienced than Ford, as a result of his being governor of the most populous state, California. Ford was a congressional nuts-and-bolts man for twenty-five years before a profound political catastrophe propelled him into the White House. But the President should be able to "handle" Reagan. First, Ford's record as a member of the House of Representatives is suitably conservative for the Republican right. Ford, judged by his voting record, makes the late Senator Robert Taft a dewey-eyed liberal by comparison. Ford's record as a House member is subsequently free from any acknowledgement of a need by the federal government to help with social problems. And, in foreign policy he was—is—a Cold Warrior without demerit. In fact, this record poses a small problem to his "left," such as it exists in the Republican party. He needs to make an occasional gesture toward the suburban Republican moderates, "the left," who are willing to distribute a doughnut here and there to the great unwashed. Senator Percy, in his stagy baritone voice and grey-flanneled corporate manner, typifies this constituency. But this constituency, through its political leaders, has seldom controlled the back-room of the Republican national nominating convention. And, as the country moves right, in part deliberately and in part by indifferentism, a Percy nomination and fifteen cents would buy a cup of coffee and no more.

As for Reagan, it can be argued that he is not convinced that Ford, despite his declaration, will actually seek the nomination— or, if so, economic and other conditions in the country will make his nomination highly difficult. Based on this assumption, Reagan, then, is not fighting Ford, but simply is staking out Ford's own political pea patch, so that he will be the natural one to whom a majority of Republican delegates will turn—if Ford doesn't show up at the convention.

If Reagan is truly trying to run Ford out of the nomination competition, it is difficult to understand how he can do so. Ford, as described, has a domestic record highly acceptable to his party. Ford can always pacify the conservatives who become alarmed over what they consider muddle-headed actions as he seeks to present himself as President of all Americans. Moreover, as president, Ford can—and is—doing what presidents, in domestic difficulties, always do. He is waving the flag, sending the marines and bombers to the Gulf of Siam, making other Kiplingesque gestures, and striking

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Jimmy Cagney-poses during a tour of Western Europe. Reagan can't possibly compete with this.

Moreover, support for Ford is more favorable than the polls indicate. He comes across as more direct and open than his two predecessors. There is a great deal of sympathy for him in the country at-large. People see him as a man doing the best he can in an important position that is loaded with difficult problems. And, as they see it, his critics in Congress aren't doing any better. Democrats are underrating him, despite the conventional wisdom that voters, whatever their good will toward Ford, will enter the voting booths and vote their pocketbooks, which usually favors a Democratic nominee. But if, by next Spring, the President can make a plausible case that the economy is improving, particularly in housing and auto sectors, then he would have adequate chance of being elected president in his own right in November, 1976. Whether he actually runs is another story. Speculation is useless. Jerry and Betty Ford will decide (or have decided) that.

Democratic leaders here in Washington are not without problems.

First, there is their own state of mind. Misled by the fact that the Congress has been nominally controlled by Democrats for most of the last forty-five years, they have the misguided view that when a Republican is elected president it happens on a day when God is asleep. Actually, Republican presidents have held office for sixteen of the last twenty-four years.

Second, Democrats, or most, still rely for political salvation upon the federal-subsidy approach—more money for more people for more things. It's not as appealing a doctrine as it once was, newer Democratic members of Congress are telling their senior party colleagues. But the newer members have yet no substitute to offer. The Democratic script remains one in which Mr. New Deal and Ms. Fair Deal urge Americans to join them to cross the New Frontier and set out for Camelot whereon exists the Great Society. Disenchanted minorities, among others, won't respond fully to that pitch anymore. They've been there in good times and, now in bad, they, like their parents before them, are still the last hired and first fired.

Third, a pragmatic problem confronts the Democrats. At this writing, they don't have a winning candidate—or, more precisely, none of the formally declared (and willing, but yet undeclared) candidates for the nomination gives any indication he can be elected president, or even secure the nomination with the full-support of the party. George Wallace aside, they are all good men, tried and true—Senators Bayh, Bentsen, Church, Humphrey, Jackson, McGovern, Muskie, former Senator Fred Harris, U.S. Rep. Morris Udall, former North Carolina Gov. Terry Sanford, Georgia's ex-Gov. Jimmie Carter, etc., etc. Each has assets. A couple of them would make really good presidents, although not-so-good campaigners. Predictions should be left to soothsayers, but it can be argued that if this were the election year and these men were the ones to choose from, then, as both Democrats and Republicans say in the back country—it's time to call in the dogs and put out the camp fire, 'cause the birds aren't in the bushes. And, inevitably, that brings up the matter of Senator Kennedy.

It's difficult in observing a Kennedy operation to distinguish deliberately false signals from the true ones that are emitted—or, for example, the gossipy fantasies of the ambitious courtiers from the hard-boiled views of both the genuine advisors and the successive Kennedy brothers themselves. Uninformed speculation follows uninformed speculation in the public houses and public prints. But in the early summer of 1975, the genuine situation appears to be the following:

Does the Senator intend to be President? Yes. Does he plan to run? Yes. When? 1980. Not in 1976? No. (with a qualification), although he is understandably willing to let the speculation continue in order to keep it clear that he is the first-choice of Democrats (but not of a majority of them). What is the qualification? If the Wallace effort to secure the nomination becomes so menacing, the Senator would feel obliged to let it be known he's available. Democratic National Committee Chairman Robert Strauss is saying that George Wallace will control 35 percent of the convention delegates next year, if he continues at his present pace. What would also push Kennedy to the nomination is a related matter—a sensing by him that the Democratic party would emerge from next year's convention so weakened that the 1980 nomination, that he covets, wouldn't be worth a damn.

The Republicans are not unalert to a Kennedy nomination next year—or any year. President Ford's own commission investigating allegations of felonies and misdemeanors by the CIA—a commission on which Vice President Rockefeller and Reagan both sit—has recently leaked to the press insinuations that the Kennedy administration at high levels (presumably this involves both John and Robert Kennedy) encouraged the CIA to unseat Premier Fidel Castro of Cuba by means fair or foul. Other GOP efforts to de-idealize the Kennedys can be expected.

Nevertheless, the Democrats want a winner. Let those, who would restrain the presidency from its dominant role these last four decades, protest, but it is clear that Americans like Frank Merriwells—whether on the football field or in politics. They like someone they can cheer for from their hearts—not from their heads, although both heart and head may reach the same conconclusion (it's difficult to cheer for a 535-member Congress or a nine-member Supreme Court). For Democrats being polled these days, Kennedy fits the role. And it's been twelve years since they've had a president they really felt like cheering for. SISYPHUS

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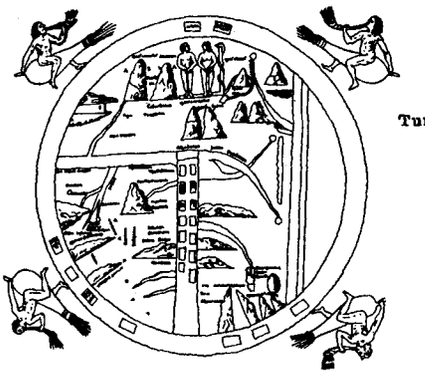
THE DUBIOUS EXISTENCE OF EUROPE

JAMES V. SCHALL



Turin Map of the World, 8th Century

The day of any 'Christian' Europe is undoubtedly over

Americans tend to believe an entity vaguely called "Europe" does exist because Europe, for its own good, ought to exist. This is the main difference between the Europeans and the Americans, except that Americans profess to be in Europe for the protection of Europe, while the Europeans on the whole are quite convinced Americans (soldiers, businessmen and tourists) are in Europe solely for their own protection, profit and pleasure. The only confusing aspect in these hardy truths is that the American Secretary of State is currently a European. This roving gentleman has also, to be sure, lately discovered the Soviet Union, China, as well as parts of North Africa, the Middle East, and Southeast Asia, this latter having become more like a nightmare. He is working on the rest; South America's turn seems to be next. In any case, he has never completely forgotten his origins.

Under the aegis of "Atlantic Charter II" and the oil crisis, the Secretary of State has been valiantly trying to discover Europe like a good American should. But these early efforts turned out to be mainly failures. The reason for such unsuccess, Mr. Kissinger told James Reston last October, was that "at that particular moment, Europe was enormously absorbed with itself. Every European country, it soon became apparent, had a leadership crisis of its own and was trying to sort out its own domestic problems. Beyond that, Europe was very much occupied in forming its own identity, and it had so much difficulty in doing so that any greater conception seemed a threat to whatever autonomy they had so painfully wrested from their deliberations." But even though our Secretary of State is often accused by Europeans of neglecting and ignoring them precisely because they have no power beyond their own bickerings, still Americans have always suspected that one of their kind should some day repay the effort of Christopher Columbus. It would seem more than fitting were that American who should force the Europeans to face their disunity to turn out to be not a George Marshall, but a dogged refugee from the remnants of the ancient Hapsburg dominions.

Yet, being European in birth, Mr. Kissinger knows that the Old World's tribes and particularities are at least as important as its not yet, if ever to be established unity. Indeed, many, such as Paul Hazard and G. K. Chesterton, even suspected that the localities and varieties and oddities of Europe were by far its most important assets. And even though the world is getting tired of empire and largeness—we would all do well to reread Cardinal Newman's sermon of 1866 to the Italians on the loss of their small states—it is at least arguable that a fully united Europe would be a superpower on a scale which neither the Americans nor the Russians nor the Chinese, creating their *new man,* could match, if only because Europe more than anyone else, remembers the old man which it once hammered out. In 1762, the author of the *Social Contract* wrote, "The Russian empire will want to subjugate all Europe, and will be subjugated herself. The Tartars, now its dependents and neighbors, will soon become its masters, and also ours: this revolution seems to me to be inevitable. All European princes seem laboring in concert to accelerate the event." Some 213 years later, Stefano Silvertsi reports that "in China it is held that the USSR has made a lot of noise about the East in order to

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attack the West; they do not, then, think of a war with China but rather the Russians will attack Europe." (*La Stampa*, Torino, 15 April 1975) The problem indeed seems perennial.

In the meantime, the major question that must be asked of each existing, wrangling European state from England to Germany, Italy, France, and even more now, Spain, is this: Is it any longer governable under its present form? And further, if these same proud entities which formed so much of the modern world continue to refuse to found a solid, common political power, as seems more and more likely, what will be their individual fates? This is especially true in recent months with Mr. Kissinger's star apparently fading and the collapse in Southeast Asia forcing to the fore the strength and will of America, behind whom, as Alberto Ronchy recently wrote, there is no one else. This is not made easier to these overly pragmatic Europeans when they carefully read the columns of James Reston, Joseph Kraft, and the editorials of the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* which blandly assure them that they are high on the list of America's *self-interest,* so do not bother about South Asia. Since these same Europeans invented "self-interest," they are the first to recognize that it is not such a good port in a storm.

The Decline of Parliaments

The great political problem today, furthermore, is the steady and startling decline of parliaments and the political philosophy upon which they were based and justified. This decline even affects the smaller states, also part of Europe, such as Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Sweden, as much as it does the larger continental powers. Just before the Fall British elections, David Wood sadly pointed out that both parties maintained that, if elected, they would no longer use Parliament as the basis of finding solutions to public problems. And that wise political thinker, Alexander Passerin d'Entrèves has lately written that the June Common Market Referendum is precisely an abandonment of Parliament as the core political institution, though fortunately England still retains the single-membered electoral district as against the damnable and dangerous party list system of the lower continent. And Europe has never come to terms with the significance of the difference in political institutions in Southern and Northern Europe. Portugal is not a theoretical freak but follows a kind of grim logic which cannot avoid political extremes. What must be increasingly recognized today, as a reading of Robert Heilbroner's *The Human Prospect* will readily suggest for those who have not been paying attention, is that the contemporary liberal and radical, in connection with the 'limits of earth' theses, are more and more coming to acknowledge the *necessity* and even *normalcy,* so they tell us, of authoritarian regimes. With three-quarters of the world already under military and one-party rule, we can hardly be cheering our political wisdom. The theoretical defenders of democratic forms —the very word "democracy" has mostly been opted by the marxists in many lands—have never been fewer. The degree to which ecology and development theories are seeing traditional free political forms to be *the* enemy is nowhere really faced today.

Historically, each modern European state is a modification of some passing imperialism, usually in the name of nationalism or absolutism, forced upon reluctant lesser linguistic or ethnic or religious groups, groups that everywhere have defied the logic of history to be still vigorous and dynamic. Even Russia itself falls into this category. We have only to think of the Basques, the Scots, the Moravians, the Irish, the Croats, the Flamands, the Bavarians, the Tyrolese, the Bretons, to be aware how fragile the nationalisms of Germany, France, Italy, England, and Spain, to mention no more, really are. And this does not even touch the peculiar European problem of class and the politics built upon it in opposition to or transcending the national state.

On top of these successful imperialisms has been evolved or imposed or selected a wide variety of parliamentary-executive systems variously designed, like most 20th Century armies, to avert the last war, the last constitutional crisis. Within this parliamentary tradition, a militant left now exists with ever increasing force in each European country which insists upon reducing all problems to industrial-class-exploitation issues which, according to the theory, can only be resolved by proper bureaucratic, party management. That is to say, all pretense at real parliament must be eliminated. The recent letter of Alexander Dubcek, in this context, seems almost pathetic in its hope that Communism can be legal and moral. In contrast, Europe has repeatedly formulated from within her own turmoil one further and unhappy legacy, a legacy which undoubtedly antedates in some sense its very parliamentary heritage. This says that when the representative system fails, the only recourse is to an authoritarian government.

Caesar and Napoleon are, we must acknowledge, valid European political traditions. No European ever forgets this. The assumption is usually that authoritarian government must come from the *right*, even though neither Caesar nor Napoleon could be described accurately in this manner. It was in Britain during the February (1974) General Election when Mr. Enoch Powell announced he would no longer be a Conservative candidate for Parliament. (He is now happily in the present Parliament as an Irishman!) Almost invariably as if preprogrammed, commentators on British television would hint that Mr. Powell's motivation was that of the strong man waiting to pick up the pieces when the current parties and unions brought the nation to ruin. The mode of thought of these commentators was almost

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more revealing than the antics of Mr. Powell. And I recall too reading an article by the Editor of *Le Monde Diplomatique*, who almost never has a good word to say about the United States, an article on inflation and fascism which automatically assumed that inflation would produce a "right" Caesar, if not worse. (April, 1974) I suspect this is but another Frenchman preparing for the wrong battle.

Yet in truth, there are very few strong men on the European scene today, except, as Andrew Knight reported in an *Economist* survey (1 December 1973), those being trained in the Stalinist tradition on the left in the West German universities. As of now, it looks as if General Franco will suffer the fate of Haile Selassie. The irony of General Spinola in Portugal has the whole left in intellectual turmoil and is probably prophetic of a significant change in our thinking on this whole matter. The erstwhile admirals and generals who replaced the Brazil-bound hero of last year are ever mouthing Rousseau and telling us that these Portuguese have to be forced to be free. And Enrico Berlinguer's pious hope for a legal marxism in Italy, as he elaborated it in the Party's recent 14th Congress here in Rome, seems in need of revision already because of the ease of the Portuguese take-over. It seems quite easy these days to convert young officers to some brand of marxism. No one is more surprised by this than the marxists themselves. In any case, even an individual strong man on the conservative right could probably not save any European country today. The major political failure of Europe is that it has never known, seldom even conceived of the possibility of a continental political authority and strength that was not founded upon the abuse of power. In a sense, Europe has never existed politically because Europeans themselves have neglected it.

To me, perhaps the most poignant model of Europe's current disarray is one Admiral Byng, who was executed in Portsmouth on 14 March 1757. This unfortunate gentleman was court-martialed for neglect of duty. This said neglect was his failure to prevent the French fleet from taking the Island of Minorca. Subsequently, this good but executed admiral became justly famous when one Voltaire, noting but another of the eccentricities of leadership across la Manche, remarked that in England, it was necessary from time to time to shoot admirals *"pour encourager les autres."* The contemporary problem with Europe as such is that there is no one to shoot, let alone anyone to encourage for its mortal condition.

European Pessimism

In a sense, it is hard to grasp the profound pessimism Europe began to realize about itself all through 1974. Every major European newspaper during the energy crisis complained about the impotence of Europe. Each nation-state scrambled for itself in the crunch. Smiling Arab sheiks reminded Europe that an ancient enemy was still about. Israel, the symbol of one of Europe's greatest internal failures, appeared mainly an embarrassment. Denmark and Holland alone seemed brave. Inflation and oil have been breaking up step by step common market policies when each state has to protect itself. When Mr. Nixon, of uncertain memory, went to Egypt, Adelbert Weinstein complained, ". . . Europe has become not only a collection of military satellites of the United States . . . but also a divided Europe has no say whatsoever on decisions of international significance." And Walter Laqueur, Director of the Institute of Contemporary History in London, wrote:

> In the cruel world of global politics, there is only one way for Europe not to be ignored by America, not to be threatened by Russia, not to be blackmailed by the Arabs, in short to gain equal treatment and this is, of course, to be strong and united. Europe has had its chance and missed it; the opportunity may not come again. From the coming crisis, it may well emerge defenseless, exposed on every quarter.

Europe thus is beginning to suspect more openly that

T-map, tenth century

it is in deep trouble because of its failure to form some more positive political entity.

Even the Common Market is less and less attractive, and not only to British Labor, in an inflationary era when Europe has no real political muscle outside itself, or even within itself. The recent arbitrary French decision to cut off Italian wine imports is but the umpteenth example. And the Common Market solution to this problem—to convert good French wine into industrial alcohol rather than compete on price so the rest of us could enjoy it—seems almost diabolical. Gert Goebel's remark is symbolic on a much larger scale: "No one has any idea how to deal with the problems that beset agriculture in Europe." All of this pessimism is compounded by the growing awareness of the weakness of the United States. As Francesco Alberoni has just pointed out, Europe soon, in spite of its fear of going it alone, must find its own way.

Europe traditionally has been a place that gets along. Everyone rushed about making his own deal. This might be enough were not the old enemies of Europe, especially the Islamic states, making noises that stir uneasy pasts,

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were not the Russians continually strengthening their forces in Eastern Europe, their navy, shooting all those satellites up, were they not beginning to wonder if they really have to take account of Europe at all. In this, I suspect, the death of Tito (and probably Franco too, if it comes before the revolution) will surely be the sign. The Shah of Iran and the marvelous Sheik Yamani in Saudi Arabia actually claim they are going to build modern industrial states to replace Europe, usually with willing French, British, or German aid. Islam will simply bypass Europe, as Europe once bypassed it. Indeed, at a moment when foreign aid to the Third World has become more problematic, in part because of increased oil and commodity prices, the Arabs themselves are beginning to develop their own foreign aid programs (mostly for other Muslim powers) as well as becoming the great capital founts. The Third World is confused because it learns now that not just the Americans, Europeans, Japanese and Russians are exploiting them. They quickly discover that, given half a chance, they are quite adept at exploiting each other. We have no theory for this as yet. Meanwhile, Colonel Quaddafi, though quieter of late, comes quite close to Holy War language.

There is a further irony to all of this. The great historic battles that finally saved Europe from Islam—Tours, Lepanto, Vienna—the very capacity of the European powers to control Islam for so long during the last two centuries, was made possible by the inner divisions of Islam. The newly found capacity of the Islamic states to act in some sort of concert finds Europe quite unprepared, although much now depends on the aftermath of the murder of King Faisal. Islam in itself, of course, in spite of its British tanks and French Mirages, is very weak, even after it buys all the newer American weapons and Russian hardware. It is so weak, in fact, that we have been hearing talk of taking it over again. S. Rosenfeld wrote, "Why should the countries hardest hit by oil price increases (not us) simply sit around and take their lumps? Why should not some of them get together and work out a coup or an invasion in one oil country or another in order to assure themselves of a reliable supply at a reasonable price?" And the Editor of the *Financial World* added: "And what of Europe? Their muscle today is primarily military, not economic. How long will they patiently wait amid growing domestic unrest while they arm the mideastern potentates and cajole the sheiks and emirs for high-priced money to pay for their lifeblood? Do you really think they will sit still forever and watch their throats being cut?"

Further, as Leopold Labedz has said, the Arab world only sits on its oil; it has neither produced nor developed the markets and technology that made petroleum valuable in the modern world. Thus, the Arab sparse area of maneuver is solely dependent upon the balance of power between the Russians and the Americans. Neither side can afford to allow the other any absolute control. This alone makes Islam in some sense capable of great strength against a weak Europe. No doubt the Islamic leaders were as surprised as any to discover that the net effect of their oil policies was to strengthen the Americans and the Russians (the Russians apparently used income from arms sold to Egypt and Syria to pay for American wheat, and only doubled their oil prices to show what a good deal it is to be in the right camp) while weakening Europe, Japan and the Third World. No doubt too the ultimate answer to oil politics, as several Arab leaders remarked, is largely technological, the discovery and development of alternate energy sources. This means that the current Arab power is very passing.

In retrospect, the effort of the Japanese to secure a wide co-prosperity sphere during the 1930's makes some considerable sense in the light of what is happening to their economy as a result of the oil crisis. Which way the Japanese turn will profoundly affect world power. Indeed, it will decide it. Meanwhile, the Chinese are busy claiming all potential oil reserves in the seas off China, of which there seems to be a fair amount. In fact, one of the most obvious and least attended-to things happening in the world today is the enthusiasm to claim sovereignty precisely over the high seas. This will be the great struggle for the next thirty years, not unlike Africa at the turn of this century. Europe is itself discovering considerable oil in the North Sea, the main effect of which so far seems largely to be a prod to Scottish nationalism and British coal miners, an excuse for Norway to stay out of the Common Market, and a dead earnest fight about who owns the seas about the far Northern Islands.

But there is another consideration that should be noted. Since World War II, the idea of Europe, insofar as it was not a projection of the Americans of themselves, was nourished and nurtured in the bosom of Christian Europe. The Christian Democratic parties under De Gasperi, Adenauer, and Schumann were the main bearers of this notion of a religious-humanist-responsible Europe. What is noteworthy today is the degree to which the idea of Europe, except perhaps in Britain, has passed from Christian idealism to the program for the nationalist Communists and radical socialists as a means to gain both legitimacy and power. The radical wings of the socialist parties and unions are more and more taking power from the earlier, more democratic elements. Lord Chalfont recently noted that the British Communists have less than one percent of the membership of British labor but over ten percent of its major offices. Italy and England are now probably the practical touchstones here, France and Germany the more theoretical ones.

The meeting of the European Communist parties in Brussels last year was remarkable both because of Mr. Brezhnev's message about Russia acknowledging the

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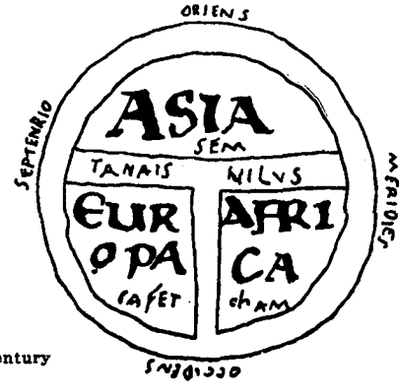
reality of the Common Market (about which he seems later to have had second thoughts) and the conference's desire to establish a common policy of European left parties. Europe presently has to watch Portugal and Spain in this context. No one is willing to admit in public that a strategically more dangerous "Cuba" might be in the making, even fewer are willing to do anything about it. Should Russia further decide to take Yugoslavia on Tito's death, as there are signs it intends to do—the Americans have already announced with Czechoslovakia that our "self-interest" is not involved—the impact on the ability of Italy's and France's Communist parties to take power would probably be greatly enhanced, though not in the exact way they presently like to picture it. With more and more Christians, Protestants and Catholics alike, accepting some sort of marxist analysis anyhow, the prospects for a new Europe take on much different forms than they once may have had. For the marxists, I suspect, religion no longer presents much of an obstacle. The day of any "Christian" Europe is undoubtedly over.

What, then, is the prospect for Europe? It goes without saying that France is and has been the great obstacle to a free, united Europe. As Flora Lesis has indicated, France has tried almost every tactic either to rule Europe herself or to prevent anyone else from doing so. The change in France from Mr. Pompidou to Mr. Giscard d'Estaing and in Germany from Mr. Brandt to Mr. Schmidt has made a difference, however. Giscard has recently said, "The ultimate objective of France is, however, a confederated structure for Europe. This involves a limitation of national rights of decision, but France is ready to go forward on tfiis." Helmut Schmidt, if he can survive, may be even more hopeful. The Dutch proposal to have direct European parliamentary elections by 1980 is perhaps a positive counter-sign. There is a beginning of something in Brussels, where pessimism has reigned so much of late. "Europe's 'capital' is a technocratic breeding ground populated by a thousand issues," Pierre Drouin noted. "But how many of these really affect public opinion?" In other words, what Europe has so far created is not a political system. Furthermore, it is highly doubtful if she will ever again have the possibility of creating one, even though she still tries. If we leave aside the long-range speculations of Solzhenitsyn and Djilas about the eventual breaking up of Russia, there are three likely alternatives besides the status quo, which latter is the situation someone like Willi Brandt sees going on and on.

The first is the success of the new Europe along the European left line, a line that would probably leave the Arab world for the Soviets to "order." This would pursue the radical industrial and social plans appearing in the extremes of French, German, and British socialist parties, complete nationalization and bureaucratization of society. There is a certain degree of anti-Sovietism in these movements, a freedom based on the security provided by NATO and American deterrence. This freedom depends upon the degree of balance of power and détente that might exist among the superpowers and assumes that no one superpower will gain comparative dominance. The Soviet Union has, with Czechoslovakia and Solzhenitsyn, shown an extremely agile capacity to act when it sees the necessity to do so. The opening of Suez to the Russian fleet (Suez is now scheduled to open this June) and the pacification of Yugoslavia, if it might be called that, would make a big difference here. But for the moment, Russia may just feel that a thoroughly leftist Europe, even somewhat out of its total control, is the best that can be immediately hoped for. An intelligent Russian foreign policy to promote this would probably work wonders. There is no question, however, that the events in Portugal have renewed hopes that a rather harder line and the new possibilities of the military may be better than pampering forms of Communism that insist on calling Russia "state capitalism." The Italian Communist party is currently valiantly trying to make its "historic compromise" with the Christians



T-map, thirteenth century

to come to power by constitutional means. One could almost argue that, for now, the future of the nature of European communism is a struggle between Rome and Lisbon with the Russians taking notes.

A second alternative is typified by a remark of a Brussels official. "Europe is now on the way to becoming the Fifty-First State of America." This would imply a continued American vigor and capacity to act outside itself, along with a realization by the Eight, or the Nine or Ten that if, in their lack of unity, they have only to choose between American and the Soviets, then their best bet, their only bet is to follow the example of say Hawaii and not that of the Ukraine. Europe must know by now, though, that American zeal to protect it is rapidly disappearing. And even though European governments have pretended that Southeast Asia is none of their business, that American troops were better used in Germany than in Korea or Vietnam, still, I think, there is currently something of a tendency to get on the winning side, a feeling that nothing must be done any longer to annoy what will probably come about anyhow.

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It is not only the Chinese that are beginning to feel that the war may be in the west and that the Americans may be a paper tiger.

The final alternative is what is known as "Finlandization," the final impotence of Europe and America which would lead each European state to make its own terms with the East, with a Russia that would perhaps allow no form of socialism to exist except the one it approves. The model of the future of Europe would then be nearer that of the Warsaw Pact and Concom which, as a friend from Warsaw recently told me, means no direct relations with any other nations except via Moscow. Europe, thus, must have something to offer, something with which to defend herself. Walter Laqueur says that Syria has twice as many effective tanks as Britain. And we know the Russians have been completely beefing up and modernizing their tank fleets. Thus, the fact that Europe has so little is proof enough of its doubtful existence. Alfred Kingow, it is true, has asked, "Is it so farfetched that Europe may break ranks and join a Sino-Arabian-African bloc and leave the two 'superpowers' in rather splendid isolation?" Probably it is. A Sino-Arabian-African-European bloc is almost a world government. Besides, the long-range questions that loom on the political horizon have to do with the control and probable decline of industrial society as such. For many, Finland might not seem to be such a bad choice.

Thus, if we are finally to shoot someone for a failure to create Europe in order to encourage the others, it would probably have to be someone who speaks the language of either Voltaire or Admiral Byng. But improbable things can still happen. Napoleon and Caesar *are* European traditions and still, for many, European alternatives. The Secretary of State speaks German as his native language. If the Russians no longer felt that they had the power to shoot a Solzhenitsyn, if Husak expels Dubcek, this just may encourage Europeans enough to believe that Europe only ought to exist someday because no one really threatens her territory. This is what Willi Brandt says. The Russians have such a big army and navy and missile force because maybe they like parades on May Day and cold climates demand security. And surely the Arabs will squabble among themselves again.There is no chance that Algeria will lead the Third World as it tried to do in the recent Paris energy conference. Besides the Arabs must, after all, spend their money someplace, like buying General Motors, or the Bank of England, or Belgium, as the pundits are saying. I have a friend who thinks selling the Mezzogiorno to Saudi Arabia may be the only solution to the problem of Italy's South. And if James Reston and the *New York Times* insist that Europe is highest on the list of American self-interest, they ought to know, so Europe can relax and begin to reread Hobbes where it was all spelled out in the first place.

In other words, in spite of Strasbourg and Brussels and Geneva, the chances are that Europe will never exist in any meaningful form. The world we Americans should like to see materialize will not come about. "History is a tale of efforts that failed, of aspirations that weren't realized, of wishes that were fulfilled and then turned out to be different from what one expected. . . ." Thus far, the words of Mr. Kissinger to Mr. Reston. Henry Kissinger has read his Locke well. No wonder, of late, Mr. Reston has bravely been encouraging us not to be so pessimistic.

What is certainly dead, to repeat, is the old idea of a Christian Europe. What is left is an unsatisfactory choice between a Fifty-First State, a Finland, a Concert of Europe of Radical Socialist States, and more of the same. Among these, it is difficult to imagine that the latter will not be both the better choice and the reality. What is against it is merely all the evidence. The European 'vision' is, alas, undoubtedly one our time shall never see, a great effort that failed. People, Riches, Trade, Power do change their Stations. Flourishing mighty cities do come to ruin.

Both Augustine, though African, and Hegel were Europeans. They both felt some higher power ruled the destiny of nations. I hope they were right.

SR. ELLEN MURPHY

PREFERENCE

". . . the seeing depends ever on the being . . ."
Thoreau in his *Winter Journal*

The ivy binds the light into green arrows
and trails itself in time from its dark roots
arrow by arrow into greener life.

A way of seeing shapes a way of being.

My roots incline me toward my signal self
whose preferences encode the gist of me
which you decode in instances of light

filtered through your own generous mode of seeing.

Each preference stirs a pulsing dynamo
of heart-beat, light-wave, turning each impulse
wholly toward what it is, the being, true,

communing through mysterious preferences,

unswerving as a bee hailed by its flowers,
seeming erratic, choosing and forgetting,
retracing its cross-pollinating way,

the blooms of kinship giving interplay.

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WOMEN-PRIESTS

DOROTHY H. DONNELLY

Does Philadelphia have a message for Rome?

"May we praise God for those this day who act in obedience to God while we love and respect those whom this day we cannot obey," prayed Rev. Paul Washington, Rector of Church of the Advocate in a black neighborhood in Philadelphia before 1500 people witnessing the ordination of eleven Episcopal deacons—all of them women. That's what the "disobedience" was all about, even though most of the bishops of those ordained conceded that they doubted any specific prohibition against ordained women in their canon law. Yet, some have taken disciplinary action against their women deacons, now priests, suspending them, forbidding them faculties or license to perform ministerial functions. One even went so far as to inform his lady-priest that she was not welcome as a communicant in his diocese!

Both bishops and women-priests know the history of the 1973 Episcopal General Convention where permission for female ordination failed only because "an equitable rule of procedure in the House of Deputies frustrated the will of the majority," according to the "Open Letter to the Church" issued by the ordaining bishops: Rt. Rev. Robert L. DeWitt, Rt. Rev. Edward R. Welles, II, and Rt. Rev. Daniel Corrigan.

In one of those historic confrontations in Christianity, doctrine and discipline came face to face with personal call again in the birthplace of American independence, the primordial national law-breaking place of the writers of the Declaration. Their feminine descendants, the eleven new priests, say they seek to follow their consciences and the call of the Spirit. And since they feel they are the church in microcosm, and with them they have a large community recognizing their call as from God, then they see their ordination as "evangelical disobedience": "You cannot continue putting up with the church's complicity with being untrue to the Gospel. To put up with it is to put up with a lie . . . If I finally can't exercise the office I'm called to, it seems better to do that than to make a mockery of the Gospel. It's better to be faithful, even for a short period of time, than not to do it at all," said Emily Hewitt of Andover Newton about herself and the others ordained.

Quick and harsh were the repercussions following the act. The Archdeacon of the Episcopal diocese of Chicago lashed out at the *NCR* story on the ordination and declared: ". . . surely a Catholic person cannot believe that priests—whatever the sex—are achieved in this way."

Bishop James Montgomery, Bishop of Chicago, told his clergy that "none of the persons presumably ordained under these circumstances will be licensed to perform any ministerial function in this diocese." The same Archdeacon, quoted in the *Sun-Times*, said: "These women are no more priests than monkeys in the trees. It was an illegal, invalid, and irregular act. Frankly, I think it was an exploitation of the women."

But many Episcopalian women feel it may be the end to the exploitation of the 120 women-deacons in their church, and of themselves as always bridesmaids, never brides, though they have proven their competence in the crucible of ministry.

Three months after the historic July 29, 1974, the Episcopal House of Bishops decide to endorse in principle, by an almost three-to-one majority, the ordination of women. Since this body is the same group which declared the Philadelphia ordination invalid because the four ordaining bishops lacked jurisdiction, the door swings open for 1976. In September of the bicentennial year the General Convention of the Episcopal Church will meet in Minneapolis: The House of Bishops and the House of Deputies comprising over 900 members, ordained and not. This time the answer should be affirmative. Because, even at this very moment,

> The Rev. Sue Hiatt and the Rev. Carter Heyward are employed as professors at the Episcopal Divinity School in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and are functioning as priests in that capacity—which includes celebrating the Holy Eucharist in the seminary chapel;
>
> The Rev. Alison Cheek baptized eight babies at the Easter service in St. Stephen and the Incarnation Church, Washington, D.C.—the bishop declared the baptisms fully valid;
>
> The Rt. Rev. William F. Creighton of Washington, D.C., has stopped all ordinations in his diocese, regardless of sex, until further action by the General Convention. He said it was "conscientiously impossible" for him to ordain men but not

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women as long as the dispute remains unresolved.

However, the shock waves from the ordination are having a powerful impact in non-ordaining Christian groups, Episcopal, Catholic, and some Lutheran, since they share the same biblical, historical and theological roots for prejudices now threatened with extermination —prejudice now challenged for all these churches.

Episcopal canon law may be ambiguous on the question, but not so, Catholic. Canon 968 says quite plainly "only a baptized person of the male sex may receive Holy Orders." Until that canon changes all talk about equality by theologian or bishop is so much empty rhetoric and Catholic women, too, remain subject to a 13th century concept of the human and an Old Testament notion of cultic priesthood.

The ordination of 11 women priests, then, calls for a re-orientation of their ideas and role models by Roman Catholics so closely allied to the Episcopal Church in liturgy and doctrine. They may soon experience the shock of hearing a priestly woman speaking the words of consecration and see her minister to their Episcopal friends. Catholics, for one, will have to face up to the rank injustice of depriving women-Christians of their right to follow the call of the Spirit on the basis of antiquated notions of biology, anthropology and theology.

Recent study has substantiated the inadequacy of such bases. For instance, in the early Church deaconesses were ordained and, later, quasi-episcopal abbesses officiated as bishops (not saying Mass) until 1874, e.g., at Las Huelgas in Spain. Our forgetfulness of such facts has been remedied recently by Joan Morris's book, *The Lady Was A Bishop*, [*Commonweal*, Oct. 12, 1973], documenting the exercise of spiritual and temporal jurisdiction on the part of women for some 1,500 years in the West, until the Renaissance revived Graeco-Roman views of women as inferior.

That view goes back into ancient cultures which, through fear and superstitution, ascribed the mystery of women's biological and reproductive cycles to the influence of demons. Especially threatening were menstruation and pregnancy. Leviticus, too, gives us the contamination theory of women's contact with the altar, sacred things, and even chairs, utensils, dough, etc. during such periods.

Although the *Apostolic Constitutions* defended women from such imputations, women in some places still could not receive the Eucharist, approach the altar, or even enter a church during such times. Most certainly, they could not be ordained priests or serve at the altar, while the clerical ministry of deaconesses was often permitted only after sixty when women had passed the menopause and the "contagion" of impurity.

Fantastic? But true, and so deep in the cultural unconscious by this time that its success is assured. Otherwise, why would we have such difficulty facing up to the notion of ordaining women when there is no compelling scriptural, historical, or theological reason why women cannot be ordained? We know that the Church is free to ordain women *if* it so decides; the question is basically pastoral.

The chief reasons, then, are legal (canon law) and cultural. But culture is ready for change when attitudes arrive at the temperature for recognizing the equal status of women in the socio-political-religious milieux. For the U.S. Church, the passage of the Equal Rights Amendment is the thermometer on the wall. The actual ministry of women is the thermal environment warmed by the fire of the Spirit.

What does that, environment presage for '76? Given the past summer, the Philadelphia ordination was predictable. First of all, the World Council of Churches called a Consultation on Sexism in West Berlin, June 15-22, highlighting discrimination against women. Its Working Report called for:

1) support of their sisters in Churches where ordination and the employment of women as pastors and priests is a problem. In addition, we urge member Churches of the World Council of Churches to open all service opportunities to women;

2) ways to build a world support-community for those concerned that the theology of churches include the perspective of women;

3) Christian women to commit themselves to understand that the mission of the Church in the 20th century is expressed in political and economic actions, and that events sometimes make it necessary to support suppressed groups that resist institutions including governments;

4) Church women to highlight the deep concerns of women in all parts of the world and find concrete ways—political, social, economic— to assist them in their struggle.

They further recommended that the World Council incorporate these Berlin recommendations in preparation for the Fifth Assembly of the World Council of Churches in Nairobi in 1975.

I first heard that Berlin report last July in Geneva and found it quite mild compared to the ideas of women seminarians in my classes in Berkeley at the Graduate Theological Union. Yet it was a true straw in the wind, for if they could speak thus in Berlin and Geneva, could the U.S.A. be far behind?

On July 22, I reached Accra, in Ghana, site of the first meeting of the Faith & Order Commission of the World Council of Churches in the Third World. My task as a Catholic consultant there was to serve on a

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committee asked to prepare a Plenary Session on women for the Fifth Assembly using these same Berlin materials as part of the agenda.

Incredibly enough, this would be the first plenary ever devoted to the topic of women. My dismay at such delay on the part of the Church in dealing with this real question only increased as these facts sank in.

Our Accra committee, diverse in race, color, sex and denomination, labored through hours of "coming together" on where women were and where we thought they should be in the life of the Church. We agreed that "women today are *not* in a position to respond freely and in full obedience to the call of the Spirit to exercise their gifts in the churches." Certainly, we found them *"not* present in proportionate numbers in councils and decision-making bodies" of their groups.

However, the real fun began when "hard-fact" recommendations had to be drawn from these two conclusions. The men insisted that it was quite possible to handle these two disparities without even referring to the ordination of women: To get to the stage of a written document, compromise allowed this assertion to be included, but we followed it with strong recommendations for:

1) a *study* to discover from the experience of men and women in relationship today what it means to be Christian community;

2) a *study* by the Faith & Order Commission of the history of the role of women in the community and why their exercise of full ministry has been impeded;

3) that the same Commission discover ways and means to raise the level of consciousness of women about their *obligation* to participate in the full life of the Church at every level according to their gifts;

and one my small committee insisted upon (in strong reaction to #3 above):

4) that the Commission seek to discover how to raise the level of consciousness of *men* in the Church as to their *obligation to foster and recognize the gifts* of women so that the Church may have the benefit of the total ministry of men and women in following the lead of the Holy Spirit.

The net result seemed like a very small bite for that starving lady, today's Christian churchwoman, but when we note that the Faith & Order Commission itself then had only 4 women among its 116 members and the Working Committee, 2 out of 29, it *was* a move forward—but much too slowly for the rate of social change. There was not one woman-member of the Faith & Order Secretariat, although we were assured that would be remedied.

Leaving green Accra, flying north over the Sahara to Rome and thence to Jerusalem, I was really ready for the news from Philadelphia on July 29, '74. If World Council Christians at Accra outside the Catholic fold could move this slowly (some of them already ordain women), then it seemed to me that the Holy Spirit would have to spring another "joyful surprise"—like a Vatican II out of the blue. Philadelphia, I believe, was the answer.

After all, the World Council's "Study Report," an ecumenical document on ministry, had already stated in January of '74:

> Part of the trouble (ordination of women) comes from the predominance of male imagery in theological reasoning and predominance of male assumptions in Church organizations. This masculine

> predominance . . . is an instance of our larger failure to think deeply about our nature as sexual beings who not only find fulfillment in relationship, but who combine in our individual selves masculine and feminine potentialities. A decision to ordain women is not enough if the predominance of male attitudes remains . . . the Church is entitled to the style of ministry provided by women as well as men.

Here we get closer to the real issues: Who has and who gives the right to ordain and be ordained? what is ordination? and why? what is its purpose? We especially need to examine some heavy assumptions in all those questions.

First of all, don't we want a better idea of what ordination means? What is priesthood and what has it become? Indeed, women can be ordained, they just *have* been, but I would hope, ordained to a renewed priesthood of greater benefit to both men and women priests and to the people of God. In a church "always in need of reform," I would call for a rethinking of sacramental themes and practice contributing to that very goal: a renewed priesthood, a renewed church and a renewed ministry.

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Ministry is related to mission as means to end, and the Church fulfills its mission by ministering to humankind as the sacrament of Christ in the world. So the principle of pastoral ministry is the Incarnation, surely. But if we understand his taking upon himself in that Incarnation all of humankind and so redeeming "us," then hasn't the Church been lacking half the official, visible sacramental manifestation of Christ's Incarnation and Redemption by barring women from *sacramental* confirmation of their ministry for some two thousand years?

Furthermore, the Church not only proclaims the Gospel in her ministry as Christ in the world, she also discerns the gifts in the faithful. "Discern" means neither destroy nor repress. In its most profound meaning Holy Orders confirms a gift and a calling of the Holy Spirit to serve the people of God.

The gifts of service as manifestations of the power of that Spirit for the good of the Christian community are not private property. They're not property at all! Nor is the right to receive orders. Giving or withholding the gifts is up to the Spirit.

Is the Spirit giving such gifts, calls, powers to women today so that the Church in its historical mission must now confirm them *sacramentally?* If ministry is manifested in healing, sustaining, guiding and reconciling, undoubtedly the answer is "yes." And the community is now calling for their ministry.

Women should certainly be admitted to ordination in *all* the Christian churches, then, but after waiting this long, they have a right to their own rite, which they would design, and not one hoary with cultural, totally-male accretions. Furthermore, their ministry would not follow a masculine model, but express their own style and spirit. However, a different rite would not mean an "inferior" sacramental brand of Orders. Eventually in the historical process, a common rite could evolve, more representative of feminine as well as masculine ordinands.

Finally, in one sense, the question of the ordination of women is a non-question. We have long known the idea of both baptism and penance of desire (perfect contrition). Ordination of desire experienced by women for hundreds of years is now blossoming into official confirmation by the people of God and the official Church. Men and women at this moment are healing, sustaining, guiding and reconciling in Jesus' name. Ordination will only confirm what they are. And what they are is today's sign from the Spirit of what priesthood means and what ministry should do: help the Church be what she is—a loving servant in the world who witnesses to Jesus as Lord through the power of the Spirit.

Is the Church, then, to bow obediently to this power of the Spirit freely giving gifts without consulting us? If so, the most graced gesture the Episcopal Minneapolis Convention delegates might make in 1976 would be to ratify the Spirit's action and obey. They will be called upon to discern the gifts in their sister-priests.

In a real sense, the members must remember that they, too, will be on trial before the whole people of God. Will prayerful, loving discernment take place? And will they initiate a process of healing? One theologian put it thus: "the appeal of any action which violates the laws of the church must be to that theology which the church imperfectly embodies in its laws . . . the question is not 'Have you broken the law?' . . . but 'Has your conduct been faithful to the account of Christian faith, community, and life to which both you and the institutional church owe obedience . . . and are willing to be corrected? Has your act brought the implications of the Gospel into fuller engagement with the life of our times?' "

Negative responses to the women's ordination only lead to further division, pain, misunderstanding, and eventually to making the Church quite irrelevant to many women whose ministry the Church badly needs.

Every day I meet women studying for ordination in face of the adamant refusal of that sacrament by the institutional Church. They are deeply frustrated in pursuit of a Holy Grail ever fading into a mist of promises, yet deeply faithful to the call of the Spirit urging them on in spite of pain and ridicule. For them the Episcopal women-priests are a sign of rain in a thirsty land.

If we listen to the signs of the Spirit's action in the successful ministries of women everywhere, we have women priests ordained or not. It now remains for the official Church to break through cultural-historical cobwebs into the light of sacramental confirmation of what the Spirit is doing in the churches, especially seen in the courage and power given these eleven women to follow that Spirit's call.

Yet, let's ask a more fundamental question: what is it women aspire to in ordination? If it were clear what gift of the Spirit the present sacrament is confirming publicly, their desiring it would not be ambiguous, but at the moment such is not the case.

Do they want to dispense sacraments, officiate at Eucharists, or are their gifts teaching, healing, reconciling, administering? Why not just dispense with the term "priest" for a century or so; it's unfortunate at the moment for it doesn't communicate meaning. Then confer the sacrament of "Order" to proclaim publicly the person in a community who proves to be the coordinator of the gifts of the faithful in that community: woman or man.

Others, women/men, might find their gifts publicly confirmed by the Sacrament of Confirmation at a time in their lives when community and serving have taught them what their gifts are. Then this confirming by a group in the name of the Church would be thrilling, significant, a glorious occasion important to their families, colleagues, spouses—all who have experienced that gift being confirmed.

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Some men see in the women's ordination a profound threat to their own priesthood or to male hegemony in general. Both the women's frustration and the men's fear are real, but they are subsidiary issues and not the real question. Rather, the Church must shape her patterns, laws and practice of ministry in obedience to the Gospel, as interpreted by the Spirit through powerful deeds in human beings, in an ever-changing social context. Only on this basis may the Philadelphia ordination be judged.

In reality, though, do men have so much to be afraid of? What will they lose? Aren't they tired (some obviously are!) of being father, younger-son-of-the-pastor, counselor, public accountant, fund-raiser, liturgist, choir director, CCD teacher, and full-time dutch-uncle? Wouldn't a theology of the gifts in team (man and woman) ministry relieve them of 80 percent of such confusion of roles and goals, and allow them to discover and develop their own gifts in a discerning community?

Again, hasn't the super-demand made upon men to fight, provide, and always lead all the time tended to "de-self" them through hundreds of years of feeling psychically alone (with other men) on this earth? Alone because they had no concept of women as suitable partners in their intellectual or spiritual lives. Women had just not existed as equal human persons whose ideas, feelings and insight might contribute to solving the problem of how to love, understand and serve God's people.

Far from being a threat, I can see the ministry and the ordination of women as part of the coming of age of the human race, a growth in human freedom for w&men (=women & men). At last we can marshal 100 percent of our human potential in a total response of humankind working through the real problem of our time: challenging together the ethos of our decadent civilization in Christ's name.

If the greatest goal of human life is a meaningful loving relationship with God found in and through loving our neighbor, then suddenly discovering the full personhood of half the human race will give us another piece of the puzzle of who and what God is. We will have in the new personhood of women another hint about what God had in mind in making us women: male and female humankind, a lesson we have not adequately learned for lack of experiential evidence so far!

Together, living in the first age not only to hear but to be able to implement Paul's liberation theology: "neither slave nor free, male or female; for you are all one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3:28), we long to see the dawn of the deepest human reconciliation: that of women and men.

Eventually I trust our goal will be full human liberation, involving all w&men in the battle for *positive reform* of society: working for the family in mutuality, preferring diversity to uniformity, complementarity to competition, interdependence to separation. This, the real task, lies ahead. Let us undertake it in His name.

THE SCREEN

A shark is the ideal villain for an adventure story. He's readymade for the part. He couldn't be better if you got Jack Palance to play him. The reason is that a shark already has what the antagonists in any melodrama must acquire: singularity. There is no need to develop—or rather, reduce—a shark's character. He is already a monomaniac by reputation. He can handily represent one thing and one thing alone in the way adventure-story villains must because a shark *is* one thing alone, pure aggression, and everybody knows it. With a shark for a villain, Peter Benchley could hardly have missed making *Jaws* a best seller, nor is director Steven Speilberg likely to miss with his film adaptation. Benchley and Speilberg's only problem was that a shark is almost too good a villain. What way could they find to oppose such unadulterated power? Put up against the Muhammad Ali of sharkdom, the whole human race looks like a Joe Bugner.

The trouble is that where a shark is simple by nature, man is various. Where a shark is unmistakable and purposeful, man is ambiguous and self-contradictory. Accordingly, both the novel and the film try to cover the board by putting three very different men up against the shark, leaving us to amuse ourselves guessing which one really has what it takes to kill the beast. This puts the movie, as an entertainment, roughly on a par with a quiz show—*What's My Line?* perhaps, or *To Tell the Truth*. (Will the real shark-killer please stand up?) The three contestants are 1) Brody (Roy Schneider), police chief of the resort town being terrorized by the shark; 2)Hooper (Richard Dreyfuss), an itinerant oceanographer-ichthyologist; and 3) Quint (Robert Shaw), a local fisherman with a thing about sharks.

If Quint seems the most likely candidate to do the job, Brody seems the least likely. For instance, when they leave for the hunt from Quint's shanty, which is festooned with shark jaws that are the trophies of his earlier expeditions, Brody has to take along dramamine. Yet this little touch doesn't even begin to sound the depths of the real ignominy Brody must suffer. An ex-New York cop who wanted to live some place "where one man could make a difference", Brody is afflicted with just the kind of degrading compromise and humiliation he left New York to escape. While Quint's moment of truth may be the one at which he stares down the throat of a rogue shark, Brody's is that at which a middle-aged woman slaps his face. It seems that the woman has just found out her son was killed by the shark because Brody let the town's tourist-minded

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aldermen bamboozle him into leaving the beaches open. After that slap in the face, the shark seems a somewhat peripheral part of Brody's problems.

Although the final showdown with the shark provides the story's most incredible episode, it is also, in a sense, its moment of greatest realism. That is to say, Benchley probably came closest to truth here when he imagined that the one thing man has which is equal to a shark's is just instinct for survival, the taste for a desperate combat. It is this, rather than cunning, experience, or knowledge, that finally kills the shark. All the paraphernalia that Quint and Hooper assemble for the hunt end up being shoved helter-skelter through the gaping jaws in a last-minute frenzy to avoid being swallowed whole. And in the thoughtless onslaught of all this gear, what unwittingly proves effective is something never intended to be a weapon—something designed only for the sustenance of man, not the extermination of sharks. What ultimately kills the great sea monster is a mere breath of air.

As to *who* kills the shark, ... Well, it doesn't really matter which of three men does it. The fact is that the movie begins to blur the distinctions between them almost as soon as they are introduced. The linchpin in the threesome is Hooper, and in a pair of dinner table scenes—one at Brody's house and one on Quint's boat—Hooper provides the link between the other two, so seemingly different characters. In the first scene Hooper is an uninvited guest who endears himself by enjoying Brody's own meal when Brody is too upset to eat it. In the second scene Hooper establishes an equally successful rapport with Quint by hoisting various bared limbs onto the table in order to compare scars from shark attacks. Somewhere between the talk about eating dinner in the one scene and the talk of being eaten for dinner in the other, we come to realize that the three men in this movie are in fact all the same man.

Who is it that kills the shark, you may still be asking. Why, it's Peter Benchley, of course. The whole point of a novel like *Jaws* is to indulge in a little fantasy, so Benchley has paid himself the dividend of a three-for-one split of his personality. As a rich cosmopolite who develops a fascination for sharks, Hooper comes closest to being Benchley in autobiographical fact. But in effect Brody and Quint are just projections of the same personality, aberrations spun out of the essential Benchley/Hooper himself.

If we get to know Peter Benchley better than we ever really wanted to, that is not so disappointing as the fact that, at least in the movie, we also get to know the shark rather better than we cared to. Early in the film he remains an implied presence only. We see not him, but just teasingly pleasing evidence of him: a point-of-view shot as he comes up on a swimmer from below, the sound of jaws slamming shut, a battered boat hull with a hand-sized tooth imbedded in it, a tattered air mattress washed up on the beach, a blipping light on the side of a barrel which we know to be attached to a harpoon line, etc.

But the further along the film goes, the more the shark, as it were, surfaces. When he is killed in the end it is in part because he has literally become a fish out of water, and for the same reason our psychological need as an audience to see him killed has pretty much abated by then. The fact that Spielberg was capable of doing acceptably realistic mock-ups of the shark for the closing scenes was not really a sufficient reason to do them. Rubber dummy, you're the one. The shark is far more frightening when he is still swimming unseen down in our subconscious. COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

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belly-deep the crank monster
wallowing

Socrates Smith in the sprayer cage
washed the Baldwin trees
with his broom-gun

dosing the mites, drowning
the insidious bugs
before the poison could
be lethal

and the farm dog bit
at the rubber tires of
the *Friend* spray-rig

my uncle hitching a team
to un-mud the machine

Socrates and father watching
three birds cleaning out a
briar

I think of it at a concert

The orchard a paved lot
my memories a lie

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JAGGER AND THE STONES

BRUCE COOK

'Music is not the point of it all'

IT IS not enough, and never has been, to write about the Rolling Stones as though they were just a musical group. They are that, of course, but only secondarily. Give them the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps in the beginning during their first couple of years together, it may that music was their first concern. But by 1964, the time of the Stones' first American tour—in fact, *for* their first American tour—they had established an image for themselves. It started with mere surliness, Teddy Boy cheek that soon soured to plain nastiness. But gradually, their nastiness took on violent, Nazi overtones (note Guy Paellaert's nightmare vision of the Stones in *Rock Dreams*, in which they are pictured as SS men debasing little girls) until in 1967, with their album, *Their Satanic Majestic Request*, they emerged at last in their present diabolical manifestation, with their leader, Mick Jagger, in the role of the squirming, androgynous Lucifero.

By now, Jagger is not merely the leader. In a very real sense, he *is* the Rolling Stones. The only challenge ever offered him during their 13 years together came from Brian Jones, the group's ill-starred founder. When it failed, Jones dithered off into drugs and died isolated from the rest. Recently, Mick Taylor, the guitarist who replaced Jones, left the Stones. Nobody noticed. Either Charlie Watts, the drummer, or Keith Richard, the lead guitarist, both present at the creation, could leave the group tomorrow and it would still be the Rolling Stones, just as long as Mick Jagger were up in front of them, shaking his ass and groaning and rasping in the same old way.

That has changed very little. Play their entire recorded *oeuvre*—starting with *The Rolling Stones* on London, their first American album, released in May, 1964, and you will be struck, I think, by the fact that, except for a few minor wrinkles and shifts in direction, their approach to their music has been consistent from the beginning right to the present. That's the joke in the title of their latest album, *It's Only Rock and Roll*. Hell, that's all it's ever been! To their credit, though, the Stones started with a kind of respect for the urban blues—and this has taken them a long way. The name of the group came from an old Muddy Waters' number; and early on, they used to do a lot of his material, as well as that of other bluesmen, all of it carefully learned from American records. On this foundation, the group has built a whole repertoire of original songs which they play and Mick Jagger sings in a kind of Home Counties parody of basic black style.

I remember sitting high up in the stands in Robert F. Kennedy Stadium in Washington, D.C., when the Stones made their appearance on their 1973 tour. The stage set up on the playing field below was so remote and the figures on it so tiny that the visual aspect of the show they were putting on was lost to me completely. I was forced, as all of us there were forced, to concentrate on the music alone. It was then, perhaps for the first time, that I realized just how ordinary the Rolling Stones are *musically*. And that in this, too, Mick Jagger *is* the Rolling Stones, for his musical limitations seem to inform and inspire the rest of the group. He seems to have about five good notes. All the rest come out shouted, squawked, or slurred to the point that the melodies he sings—and they are damned simple melodies, at that—are often altogether lost. If you think I'm laying it on unnecessarily here, just sit down and listen to a few of their old 45 rpm hit singles—"Paint It Black," "Street Fighting Man" and "Wild Horses," for example. You'll find on these he hardly manages to keep the tunes afloat.

The rest of the group is not much better. There never has been a soloist of any consequence with the Stones—no Eric Claptons, no Alvin Lees, no Peter Taylors—and of course there certainly could have been. Since about 1965, the Rolling Stones could have had practically anyone they wanted in the group. But they have never wanted a soloist: a guitar star would inevitably have provided competition for Mick Jagger, and Jagger would have found himself outclassed by even a competent musician. And so the group has always been known for its ensemble playing. They chug along in a kind of hard-driving, loose, jam style that is pleasant enough to listen to but becomes repetitive and dull within the space of a single LP or concert set. With the Rolling Stones you never get a sense, as you always did with the Beatles, of the enormous musical possibilities inherent in the Rock idiom. No, the Stones just keep angrily bang-bang-banging away at you until you must give in to them or stop listening altogether.

The interesting thing is that some of their most enthusiastic and deeply committed fans—the ones who are up front at every concert—seem to have chosen the latter alternative. They don't listen. They just make noise. Whipped into a Bacchic frenzy that seems to peak constantly higher in the decibel range, the Stones' fans make it impossible for the group even to hear itself. As a result, that easy en-

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semble style of theirs that sounds so extemporaneous must actually be rehearsed down to the last split second until it can be played deaf night after night into the screaming void that surrounds them.

But the audience knows it has this right, that they are as much actors in this spectacle as the Stones themselves, even as much as Mick Jagger (though he, of course, is the leading player). It is their right, their *role* to shout and scream and drown out the music, for the music is not the point of it all. In a sense, *they* are. Jagger and the Stones offer them a kind of *Gesamtkunstwerk* in which the fantasies of the audience—sex and violence, evil and perversity—are given shape and substance before their very eyes.

The focus of all these fantasies, the one who acts them out up there on the stage is none other than Mick Jagger, of course. He has, almost of necessity, made of himself a kind of mythic figure, one who embodies all the qualities his audience might feel shamed in ordinary circumstances to claim. So you can think of him as a kind of combination Moloch and scapegoat. That's his myth, of course. What he is in real life is quite another thing, perhaps unknowable and perhaps irrelevant. We will eventually get around to questioning that, but let's look first at the myth of Mick Jagger.

To most, he is Turner, the mysterious, perverse pop singer-gone-recluse whom he played in the 1970 film, *Performance*. It was his second. Mick Jagger had earlier tried his hand at acting in the title role of Tony Richardson's *Ned Kelly*. The result was almost laughably bad, for Jagger has never really had it in him to play the working-class hero role in which English socialists have cast him—much less the legendary nineteenth century bandit who is a folk hero down under. The Ned Kelly myth is simply one to which Jagger's personal myth did not attach. Turner, however, is something else again. It is a part which seems made for him—and in fact, it was. Donald Cammell, who wrote the film and co-directed it with Nicolas Roeg, had known Jagger for quite some time. When he created the role for him he had the good sense to know that it would not do to base the character on what Jagger is—that it was far more important that Turner conform to what people *thought* Jagger was, that he remain what he has always been to his audience, a fantasy figure. And in *Performance* that is what Turner is—Jagger's image, his bright shadow. Mick said so himself once in an interview that I found reprinted in *Rolling Stones* (Amsco; 352 pages; $6.95), a kind of grab-bag compendium of material on the Stones edited by David Dalton. "The thing is," Jagger remarks somewhat disingenuously, referring to his role as Turner, "that it is very easy for people to believe that's what I'm like."

Turner is a startling character, one of the most original to be caught on film in the last decade. He dominates the movie. The sense of brooding, sullen evil he shows is so much more potent than the mere gangster nastiness of Chas (James Fox). But actually, the manifestations we see of Turner's evil nature are mild enough: He takes drugs, goes for a tub splash with a couple of girls, and indulges in a bit of innocent transvestism. But it is in his domination of Chas, his manipulation of him, that Turner seems most truly evil. Chas puts his faith in Turner, as in a kind of diabolical savior—

and he is betrayed. The perversions that Jagger hints at—and more than hints at—in the role are mere trappings. Outward signs. He makes Turner profoundly and convincingly evil.

Is Mick Jagger evil? Or is it only silly to ask? We go sheepish in these times at meeting such questions head-on. Nevertheless it does have some pertinence for one who has in his fashion celebrated evil in songs such as "Sympathy for the Devil" and "Memo from Turner," and whose postures and public attitudes seem in studied imitation of some lurid late-Victorian conception of Satan. This is, it seems, what he wants us to think of him, isn't it?

This question, unasked but implicit, is central to Tony Scaduto's biography, *Mick Jagger: Everybody's Lucifer* (McKay, $8.95). Lurking through the book is the evil Jagger image, the Lucifer of the subtitle. And we find here not just discrepancies between image and reality, but distortions so extreme that for them to be truly contained in a single psyche would take, if not cause, schizophrenia. Scaduto, who proved himself a very thorough researcher of unwilling subjects in his earlier biogaphy of Bob Dylan, has gone to everyone around Jagger, people who knew him when, and he has stitched together a fascinating patchwork portrait of a young man who emerged from the most mundane sort of surburban, middle-class background (Dartford) to become a superstar, without ever really altering his values, attitudes, or intentions perceptibly. You can take the boy out of the middle-class, but you can't take the middle-class out of the boy. His father, Joseph Jagger, was a physical training instructor (he has since become a university teacher of physical education), and he brought his son up on the sort of brisk discipline one would expect from such a man. And young Michael responded to it without a qualm or a murmur. "No matter how much of a rebel Jagger seemed to have become in his later public image," Scaduto writes, "he was almost rigidly conventional as a boy." And he would remain so for

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years to come. There was, of course, the band Jagger had in school, Little Boy Blue and the Blue Boys, but others in other schools had bands; there was nothing unique in this. Among the things that set him apart were his talent for mimicry and his great energy. "But on the whole," Scaduto sums up, "Jagger was in no way out of the ordinary."

He had already met Brian Jones, a hip kid who was then a more advanced musician, when he began commuting into London to the London School of Economics to prepare for the career in business or journalism he had in mind for himself. On the train one day he met and started to talk to another Dartford boy, Keith Richard, who was commuting in to go to art school. They found they were interested in the same kind of music, although Richard was then just learning the guitar. Eventually, Jagger, Jones, and Richard got together, first under the leadership of an older musician, Alexis Korner, who was deep into blues. Then later—1962—the three split to form their own group and the Rolling Stones were born. The rest is history, more or less—except that on the personal side we see Jagger, in the close glimpses he permits, as a very careful, calculating individual whose instincts are always to protect himself. Scaduto strongly implies that Jagger's unswerving devotion to his own best interest may well have cost Brian Jones his life.

Although Jones' death in 1968, drugged and drowned in his own swimming pool, presented the Rolling Stones with a profound crisis, the group came back strong—only to be met in a year's time with an even greater disaster: Altamont. The Stones' free concert on that California hillside, which ended in the murder of one man and the beating of many by members of the Hells Angels motorcycle gang who had been detailed to guard the performers, has been taken as the event which marked the sad terminus to the Sixties.

The definitive account of Altamont and the tour that led up to it is to be found in the Maysles' full-length documentary film, *Gimme Shelter*. No matter what your reservations may be regarding the sensational nature of the picture (murder committed before your very eyes—and won't the violence freaks get off on that?) nevertheless it is a fascinating document, right from the beginning of the tour to its ugly conclusion. It is seldom granted to us to be shown as clearly and demonstrably as we are in this film the particular consequences of abstract acts. The dark, roaring frenzy created by the Rolling Stones in cities across the country is presented to us there in color and screaming stereo. And in the middle of it all, twitching and strutting his way provocatively through their repertoire is Mick Jagger, the dark prince himself. Is he angry? He seems so much of the time. His mouth, when not shouting forth those graceless lines he writes, seems perpetually in a sneer. An aura of something surrounds him. It is as though he were transmitting violence with every gesture, every note. And all that we know of him from Tony Scaduto and from the others who have written honestly about him persuades us that this has been worked out quite consciously in advance, that there is no spontaneity to it. He is in some sense like a priest, for the audience's response is by now so routinized as to be almost ritualistic. He is their intermediary, their vessel; he takes from them all they have to give of hostility and bad feeling, consecrates it with his own fierce energy, and offers it up.

So I'm suggesting, of course, that the Mick Jagger image— the years of anger and that snarling message of violence he and the Rolling Stones sent out across America in hundreds of concerts and thousands—millions!—of records contributed much to the bad vibes at Altamont. I'm suggesting that the climate of violence there came almost predictably as a consequence of the communal fantasy in which the Stones and their audiences had long been participating. Tell me that it was nothing so abstract as the Stones' image that was responsible for what happened at Altamont but specifically the Hells Angels who beat on troublesome members of the crowd with pool cues and then stabbed, beat, and kicked to death a black man, Meredith Hunter. Tell me that, and I will tell you that it was to complement their image as the badasses of Rock and Roll that the Rolling Stones decided to use the Angels as their very own rent-a-cops. Of course the Stones didn't know it would turn out as it did. You can see that in the consternation written all over their faces in those sequences in *Gimme Shelter* in which they watch the Altamont footage on the editing machine: They didn't know the gun was loaded.

At one point before the Stones came on at Altamont, when the Jefferson Airplane (a group that has transmitted its share of violence into the atmosphere) was playing, the first serious beatings occurred around the apron of the stage. Grace Slick stopped singing and screamed at the nearest member of the Hells Angels, "What's happening here?" He turned to her, and pointing a finger, said, "*You're* what's happening here!" I've always felt that that Angel knew just what he was saying; they're not as dumb as they look, you know.

Also, I've always felt it was no mere coincidence that the song Mick Jagger was singing when the Angels interrupted the Rolling Stones to murder Meredith Hunter was "Sympathy for the Devil."

So? It's ancient history, isn't it? All of this happened years ago so that it may seem now like so much news from nowhere. But if we're ever going to understand that remarkable episode in our social history that we refer to now in the past tense as the Sixties, then we have to understand Altamont. More, we shall have to understand the appeal of Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones if we are to understand the nature of violence and mass hysteria in our age and the one to come. They were originally supposed to play in *A Clockwork Orange*, you know—and Mick Jagger was to star in the role of Alex, subsequently played by Malcolm McDowell. The Rolling Stones as skinheads of the year 2000—it seems right, doesn't it? Maybe the future does belong to them, after all.

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DAY OF INFAMY, 1971

DAVID S. TOOLAN

A Time to Die

TOM WICKER

Quadrangle/New York Times; $10.00

I remember that morning well—September 13, 1971. One of those slate gray Buffalo days as bleak as the winter to come. With a rat gnawing inside, I went about my business, waiting to hear whether the state would ignore the 'observers' pleas and storm the yard. Several friends were outside Attica's walls that morning hoping for that "gesture to decency and humanity" that Tom Wicker had hoped for too—good "limousine liberal" that he was (until then), trusting compromises could be worked out among "reasonable" men, believing as the inmates naively did that the state would hold human life, at least hostage life, dear. I did not know then, as I do now thanks to Wicker's book, that the state mistrusted the negotiators risking their lives only a little less than inmates. That being so, "the bloodiest one day encounter between Americans since the Civil War" (McKay Commission) was predestined. Only to call it an encounter "between Americans" is perhaps to beg the terrible issue—and Wicker heaps up overwhelming evidence that his clean America refuses to prisoners title either to "American" or "human." That was what the Attica "uprising" was all about, a claim to humanity still unrecognized.

My friend Phil Smith, with his extraordinary knack for lost causes, had spent all day Sunday trying to get in touch with the Governor. Unlike Assemblyman John Dunne, one of the observers, Phil didn't have a little black phone book with the private number at Pocantico Hills where Rockefeller was sequestered. So he couldn't get through; the sanctuary of The Man behind the barrel of the gun lay beyond his reach. Privy to the secret of Dunne's little book, Tom Wicker did get through, and for his trouble was rewarded with a Gold Star Mother speech about the duty not to "undermine the basic tenets of our society." On both sides, that telephone conversation is chilling. From where the observers stood, the ominous impatience of racist troopers armed to the teeth made "massacre" imminent, but the etiquette of dealing with distant Power in sylvan Westchester prevented the revelation of what they recognized. It would not believe—assured as It was by tweedy aides that the main point was not time to save life, but armament to regain control of an institution whose function was to break the human spirit. In the space of three days, Wicker had been catapulted out of his spectator "press box ethic" and into the role of participant in a "deadly game" well over his head. He did not want the Governor to get away with averting his face from this heart of darkness that Rockefellers as much as any had created. Perhaps he wanted Rocky to comprehend what Bobby Seale had meant when he'd told Julius Hoffmann that "George Washington is not the father of *my* country." Wicker wanted a simple human gesture, a gift of presence and time to that "other America." Can the two countries ever meet? In microcosm, it had begun to happen among the incredibly diverse observers themselves, and haltingly between the observers and the inmates. The inmates, bitter as they were, were hungry for such meeting, such mutual hearing. Negotiation *was* possible. But the opportunity was not seized—for equal dealing between men is not the way armed might plays the game with those it does not acknowledge as human. That way, so the lesson runs, lies confession of weakness. And so it goes.

> *"What kind of white man are you?" someone screamed, while he spoke. "Standing on a platform with a nigger . . . helping niggers against your own!" . . . In the prison yard, before the onslaught, for the first time in his life he sensed that nothing racial stood between him and a human being who happened to be black. He felt himself free, for once, of his prideful sense of individuality. He put his arms around the youth and held him fast, held him hard, believing he had overcome the deepest fears his life had given him. In that moment, for at least that moment, he knew himself to be at last an equal part of the great human brotherhood—no more, no less.*
>
> —A Time to Die

The rules of the game, you see, are different for "us" and "them." Picked up for driving without a license (a parole violation), L. D. Barkley—dead at 21—gets sent to the maximum security facility at Attica. Amnesty is constitutionally prohibited in his case, say the scribes—but lo and behold, see what wonders of legal amnesia they draw forth from unyielding law for an Agnew or a Nixon or a corporate executive dispensing laundered funds to underpaid public servants! It is miraculous how quickly the law turns magnanimous when the case involves a high priest of American Shinto, and no less remarkable how inexorable it is for the poor, powerless and dark-skinned. The sequel to Attica confirms the point. Despite documentation by the McKay Commission of official overkill, brutal reprisal, and criminal neglect of the wounded and dying, to date not one law officer has been indicted—though to be sure, Malcolm H. Bell, one of the prosecution team, has resigned charging in a 106-page report that his inquiry into official misconduct was "aborted."

(*Continued on page 217*)

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THREE-MINUTE IDEAS

JOHN GARVEY

In a recent *American Poetry Review* column Charles M. Fair quotes Alexis de Tocqueville: "The ever-increasing crowd of readers, and their continual craving for something new, insures the sale of books which nobody much esteems . . ." De Tocqueville, Fair says, foresaw the era of the gimmick book, the manufactured best-seller. And of course widespread literacy plus the invention of movable type have produced as by-products a lot of inferior writing. There is nothing new here, but Fair's worry is that bad writing will drive out good, that any writing which does not seem in advance to have a mass audience may soon join poetry as a not-for-profit venture, done for love by small presses, as large firms move into the exclusive production of gimmick books, how-to books, and novels programmed for sales—blockbusters like *Jaws* or Harold Robbins' novels.

While it is true that some great writers had unabashedly commercial hopes for their writing (Dostoevsky and Dickens wrote against deadlines for money; and there is no real reason why a book designed with a mass audience in mind could not also be a good book), there is an important warning in Fair's prediction. I think it comes down to what a friend of mine calls "three-minute ideas": there are ideas which can be stated in about three minutes, and they are worth thinking about for maybe three more minutes, and then you should go on to more important things.

Nearly every American publisher is involved in the hunt for three-minute ideas which can be puffed up into books, even if the results aren't worth the wind expended—except, of course, financially. Over the past several years books of this sort have become a publishing staple. They range in quality from Charles Reich's *Greening of America* (Bantam, $1.95) and Thomas Harris' *I'm OK-You're OK* (Avon, $1.95) to the dreadful *Total Woman*, by Marabel Morgan (Revell, $5.95). They are not all bad books; some, like Alvin Toffler's *Future Shock* (Bantam, $1.95) are fascinating; others do too much with one idea but are still worth looking at; but most of them are shallow things which are bought and read only because their authors have managed to make it to places like the Tonight Show.

And that's part of the problem: where would Joyce Brothers and David Reuben be without talk shows? Talk shows are probably the chief influence on most popular non-fiction these days . . . not only what is bought, but what gets published. You can't blame publishers for wanting to get a book exposed as much as it possibly can be, nor can you blame them for wanting their businesses to be immensely profitable, which means publishing for as broad an audience as they can find. The point here isn't blame, but rather the influence a format has. The rhythm of the average talk show seems to have been designed for people whose attention span lasts about three minutes, and an author who has to present his book to an audience within such a framework has to be able to say, and say *fast*, what his book is about and why everyone ought to read it. That format leads, logically enough, to the production of books which can fit it.

Now although it is true that you might be able to come up with quick approximations of a few of the classics, good writing and good thinking don't ordinarily lend themselves to this treatment. It is easier, for example, to hear in a few minutes what *I'm OK, You're OK* and *The Greening of America* are about than it is to get a sense of what Wendell Berry says in his fine book *A Continuous Harmony* (Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich, $5.95). It isn't that Berry's writing is at all difficult—it just doesn's have an easy handle, a gimmick. But he is saying something much more worth hearing (and finally it is more healing) than the more popular books.

Writers whose work does not fit the three-minute rule have to struggle against weird odds to speak clearly in a time when fog is appreciated because it is consoling: it is nice to imagine a world in which a simple grid laid over everything (Consciousness I,II, III; Parent, Adult, Child) explains everything. It is more difficult to live in a world where we are more responsible for the words we use, and therefore more tentative about using them to enclose everything. I hate to think of what might have happened to some classics under the current system—would we have a slick de Tocqueville on Johnny Carson's show, slurring through ideas between commercials? That is what even the most decent examples of books based on three-minute ideas have to endure to be popular, and to be popular is the whole point, the one thing necessary.

Another aspect of the problem is the desire to have simple and painless answers to problems which sometimes require a lifetime and painful self-examination for their resolution. In *The Liberated Heart* (Seabury, $7.95) Rosemary Haughton tries to use the concepts of Transactional Analysis in a creative way, and this is refreshing—because it is so often used to short-circuit any real reflection rather than provoke it. In a recent *Commonweal* article (April 11, 1975) Haughton wrote of American intellectual curiosity that "it has its weakness, which is an addiction to words and concepts, as a game. It's a good game, but it can be abused, and it is being abused when the use of new psychological and theological and moral language-styles, designed to express important aspects of contemporary experience, are regarded as substitutes for dealing

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with the experience." Ideas which may or may not have been oversimplifications to begin with, have been further oversimplified and extended to every area of life. One minister I know wound up finding the Transactional Analysis fad pretty silly, but before he got to that point he had preached sermons in which he stated that the main message of Christianity is that God tells the believers, "You're OK." Is that really it? And a young priest has written a book which reinterprets the Church in TA terms. (The sacraments are strokes.)

Three-minute books influence ethical and religious thought as well as cocktail party chatter. It could be a sign of some kind of decline (if not of the West then at least of cocktail parties) that we have had to turn to such pathetic sources for enlightenment. What happens to a culture which requires books on how to make love, be a parent, be your own best friend, make friends and influence people? These books are the best sign of the breakdown of those institutions which have normally been expected to provide this sort of instruction. The problem with the de Tocqueville quote cited by Fair is that it speaks of good sales for books which "nobody much esteems." They *are* esteemed, though, and we can expect more of them.

There may be a bright spot. Toward the end of his column Fair writes, "The question in my mind is whether, despite our distractions and all that is wrong with us, our literary taste has really become that bad. I wonder whether it isn't simply that as the looting impulse has hit the entrepreneurs of the book business, they have started doing to us what Hollywood did in the '50's—exploiting our taste for *schlock* to the point that they may kill it." Which would be nice. Most publishers want to make money, but most good publishers also want to publish genuinely good books. The death of *schlock* would give them the space they need.

Official atrocity was common knowledge at the college where I teach since many of our students were there as National Guardsmen but again, few if any of these witnesses were questioned until two and a half years after the event when they could remember no faces. After all, you don't expect the defendant to hire his own hangman. Or as Wicker dryly observers, "hell hath no fury like a bureaucracy defending itself." And so it goes.

"We got This Man listenin' " boasts Herb Blyden to the exultant citizens of the D-yard republic—perhaps the most significant act of rehabilitation miserable Attica had ever given birth to—but he was wrong. Wicker was listening and learning—and regaining in the process some of his failing spirit—but The Man was not (albeit his agent Oswald tried hard). Wicker was forewarned by the sagacious Dunne: "Rocky's not going to give an inch because there are more of them out there [gesturing beyond the walls] than there are in here." Rocky knew his constituency, and played to their worst fears—which Wicker knew well enough in himself as son of a southern counterpart to the sleepy village of Attica, New York. The autobiographical digressions Wicker weaves into the Attica tragedy were, for me, a point of insertion, a way of traveling with him into D-yard and that immense journey toward understanding and brotherhood that makes Attica a collective tragedy —and also collective revelation for those who can go the distance with him, to that moment in embracing one of the "brothers" when he found himself "free, free at last." And yet that moment of promise was to be shattered on emerging into the violence outside the walls, the terrible "order of things" that was to rule the day. "Wetnursing those convicts won't do it," yelled one of the hostage's fathers, "We have to get our son back or just bomb the hell out of the place!" Vietnam policy in western New York—the only way we know. And so it goes.

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Anglican/Roman Catholic Dialogue: The Work of the Preparatory Commission

ALAN C. CLARK
& COLIN DAVEY, eds.

Oxford U. Press, $3.25

NORRIS MERCHANT

The ecumenical cause often found great, if unintending, champions in the nineteenth century. It was perhaps inevitable, for instance, whatever its original inspiration, that the Oxford Movement, in reviving sacramental consciousness, and monastic life, in the Anglican Church, naturally moved it in the direction of greater aspiration towards unity, just as among the Orthodox, theologians like A. S. Khomiakov, who found a responsive echo among Anglicans with his emphasis on "free unanimity," a universal Church with multiple elements, suggested to Eastern Christians new possibilities of synthesis. Vladimir Soloviev was perhaps premature in receiving the Sacraments as both a devout Orthodox believer and a professed Roman Catholic, simultaneously, regarding these bodies as mystically one. The Church of England may also have appeared odd in beginning to encompass devotees of the Rosary and the Sacred Heart, or of Eucharistic cults, and in certain places even, of a fullscale Tridentine liturgy, coexistent—sometimes in the same person—wth enthusiasm for social revolution or the most advanced Biblical criticism, balanced, in other quarters, by exhortative, sometimes angry evangelicals. Nevertheless, in the twentieth century, these phenomena may appear

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less scandalous than preliminary. Early ecumenical approaches that accompanied such dialectical ventures likewise turned out to be more trailblazing than the immediate disappointments they occasioned.

Learned Russian and Greek scholars of that era had begun the patient examination of the credentials of Anglican Christianity, often to the irritation of certain insular Anglicans who felt they knew the Church better than its possible misrepresentation by ecumenists to friends abroad. A group of continental Roman Catholic theologians, too, involved themselves in an early exchange with Anglo-Catholics about the possible reunion of Rome and Canterbury, a subject that proved upsetting to the local hierarchies. It irritated Cardinal Vaughan, and Westminster, so recently having found rebirth and a respected place in English life, and a remarkably distinguished roster of converts, to see the Anglican ministry evaluated from a distance by men like the Abbés Portal and Duchesne, who argued its priesthood to be valid. On the Anglican side, it disconcerted the militant Protestant-minded, capable of ominous reminiscences from Foxe's *Book of Martyrs,* to find their Church's cause undertaken by zealous Anglo-Catholics like Lord Halifax and Father T. A. Lacey. (The latter presented Leo XIII with a dissertation in flawless Latin to elucidate the apostolic continuity and priestly intent of Anglican ordinations, profiting beforehand by careful briefings from Portal and Duchesne.)

Still, the end result of such adventurous audacities might have been predicted, given the political and theological fears of the time. *Apostolicae Curae* (1896), in which the Pope found Anglican orders invalid, can probably be understood in terms of the logic of a much longer sequence of pronouncements, now largely discredited, culminating in Pius X's *Pascendi,* and dictated by the threatening atmosphere of 'Modernism.' Pius XI's *Mortalium Annos* (1928), further delaying discussion, may in fact have been only denouement to that *fin-de siècle* cataclysm. On the other hand, among Anglo-Catholics, 'Modernism,' in attenuated English form, already visible in such theological compilations as *Lux Mundi* (1889) and, later, *Essays Catholic and Critical* (1926), lived on to become, with socialism, a respectable, even expectable, orthodoxy among an articulate clerical sector. (The 'Conservative Party at prayer' had become, among the Anglo-Catholic corps, 'the Socialist Party at Mass,' according to a critic writing in *The Churchman,* 1932.)

Bishop Charles Gore of Oxford, the most controversial contributor to the next Anglican-Roman exchange, the Malines conversations of 1921-26, exemplified that hybrid Anglo-Catholicity. Like many of the Russian professoriate who preceded him in ecumenical theorizing, Gore argued for an 'essential,' 'substantive' Catholicism based on the classical fathers and early East-West councils, but allowing for divergences regarding later theological formulae stemming from the epochs of sundering. If, from that point on in ecumenist reasoning, the Orthodox thinkers had tended to pose against Roman Catholic 'juridical' theology their revival of Palamite mysticism and that Platonizing disposition they shared with the classic Anglican divines, the typical Anglo-Catholic, for all his imputed emphasis on superficies of ritual, did tend to see in *lex orandi,* the Liturgy, the basic *lex credendi,* the realized belief, however it was to be interpreted. Thus liturgical and, especially, Eucharistic *praxis* often became for him the embodied faith, the language of worship his central decree and confession, to be so employed in interfaith discourse.

It is in the light of such early reckonings that *Anglican/Roman Catholic Dialogue,* the newly published account of the Churches' 'Joint Preparatory Commission' meetings in 1967 and 1968, may be fully appreciated. Here, where the threads of Malines are picked up again, it is Roman Catholic contributors, basing themselves on Conciliar openings, who have taken the lead in venturesomeness. Bishop J.G.M. Willebrands' frank recital of the historic obstacles ecumenism encountered from authority offers one of the surest signs of their diminution today. That illogical but lifelike Anglican 'comprehensiveness,' graphically described by J.H.R. Moorman of Ripon, becomes complementary rather than exceptional to various patterns of Catholicity envisaged. "Unity is not uniformity now any more than it was then," as Bishop Willebrands put it with reference to Byzantium, "and diversity may well become richer within a more striking and edifying unity."

Since these foundational discussions, the permanent Anglican-Roman Catholic International Commission (ARCIC) has been established, and has issued statements on Eucharistic doctrine (1971) and the Ministry (1973). Joint clergy conferences between the two communions have gotten well underway in a score of dioceses. The Malta Report, of January 2, 1968, which concludes this book, prepared ground for these encouraging innovations. Withheld from publication at the time, its epochal nature derives from being "the first formal joint statement of the faith we rejoice to share." Among its practical suggestions awaiting fuller implementation are the call for an extensive exchange of preachers, for explorations of new forms of extra-Eucharistic worship together, and for joint retreats, and the coordination of texts of shared liturgical material, in contemporary revisions. At the end of this road, as the dialogists, abetted by a combined statement from the Pope and the Archbishop of Canterbury, make clear, they hope to find, in a beginning, institutional way, that fuller human harmony in the Divine plan, known already by penitent hearts of many suasions, and eras.

Final Cut

DANIEL STERN

Viking, $8.95

ROBERT PHILLIPS

Daniel Stern's eighth novel is also one of his best, more realistic than his last two poetic "novels of the future"

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(to borrow Anais Nin's description), and a big book as solidly rooted in today as was his *After the War*. It probably will be hawked as another "Hollywood novel," since Stern has here objectified his own brief but involved experience in the film industry. But he has accomplished far more. In *Final Cut* Stern has produced a moral fable, a tale of the conflict between the Apollonian and the Dionysian. Like Mann's Aschenbach of *Death in Venice* (a work Stern invokes here in many ways, including a subplot on the making of a film supposedly based upon a story of Lawrence's, but literally paralleling Mann's), Stern's Ezra attempts classically to triumph over the forces of formlessness and decomposition; but it too is a campaign waged out of season. And like *Death in Venice*, Stern's novel dances variations on the Platonic themes of love, beauty of form, and moral goodness.

While all three themes are important to the book's meaning, it is the latter which is especially salient: Stern, as many before him, employs Hollywood as a microcosm of the American dream gone wrong, of the debasement of art in favor of commerce. His Hollywood is not that of Nathanael West's *The Day of the Locust*, a book set in a time when at least the ruthlessness was profitable. Stern's is the post-TV Hollywood, where any one picture can break a studio's back. In such a tense atmosphere human values are more totally disregarded than before: "An airplane crash is what jeopardizes a deal and death is what hurts the price of the stock." It is also a world where best-sellers are prefabricated and knighthoods acquired through publicity. In short, a world which buys and sells what should only be taught or given.

Given such values, it is natural that the youth-directed counterworld exert its dissension, and part of the novel is devoted to the struggle between the old order and the new chaos. Yet the battle ends in compromise, and the youth revolution seems at present incapable of toppling a world whose credos include, "Everybody's available to everybody. It's only a question of when and how long you can wait"; and, "Be paranoid. It's only natural."

Death as well as youth haunts this novel. Stern's Tadzio-figure, an Hungarian boy-child with the sexually ambiguous name of Karol, is himself doomed. In a plot reversal from *Death in Venice*, the love object himself is killed rather than his male pursuer. Karol's murder is symbolic of the destruction of good music, good conduct —of all beauty. Instead of Mann's aging writer destroyed by the Beautiful in its catastrophic ambivalence, we have the murder of Stern's young actor, the Beautiful itself.

Which suggests another element of uniqueness: *Final Cut* is one of the few serious American novels in which a murder figures centrally. One thinks of Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*, Mailer's *An American Dream*, Styron's *Set This House on Fire*, Oates's *Expensive People*, and there the list seems to end. The identity of Stern's murderer is concealed until the end, as

theological studies

Quarterly

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is pleased to announce that the Catholic Press Association has awarded it the first prize for General Excellence among scholarly magazines, and a third prize in the Best Special Issue category for the March 1974 number on Population. The June 1975 issue (182 pages; $3) focuses on six theological concerns:

The Decision for Celibacy, by Roger Balducelli, OSFS, argues from Jesus' view that celibacy is not primarily an existence one chooses for the sake of something else; celibacy chooses one's own man or woman.

Abortion, Animation, and Biological Hominization, by James Diamond, MD, concludes from empirical biology that fertilization does not represent the beginning of the definitive life of the individual homo.

Apostolic Office: Sacrament of Christ, by Edward J. Kilmartin, SJ, insists that office represents Christ only to the extent that it represents the faith of the Church.

Satisfaction in Medieval Redemption Theory, by J. Patout Burns, SJ, interrogates ten theologians of the 12th and 13th centuries to uncover the key elements in the evolution of redemptive satisfaction.

Eucharistic Epiclesis: Myopia or Microcosm? by John McKenna, CM, shows how epiclesis compels us to confront the roles of faith, priesthood, and the Spirit in the realization of the Eucharist.

Conclusions regarding the Female Diaconate, by Peter Hünermann, reveals the precedent for the office and shows how it can enrich the community's life in liturgy and sacraments.

25 Book Reviews; 24 Shorter Notices

December issue: WOMAN

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in all good whodunits, but the moral issues posited throughout the novel make it more than a "mere" murder mystery.

One excellence of the novel is Stern's fine eye. He contrasts many visual and Lawrencian symbols of the natural world (rabbits and snakes and the ocean) with the metallic glitter of Hollywood and Rome. He also uses his pen like the camera eye: at one point the movie mogul Kleinholz is described as having "raised his hands high, becoming in that strange position a kind of sun-baked icon."

Another virtue is Stern's incisive characterization. In a few strokes we are given whole personalities. Max is "all plump desperation to please; a ball of fearful amiability, with anxiety just under the surface of every remark, every gesture." Becker "gave the impression of a man who had pasted himself together from various parts he assumed were desirable." Some characters deliberately are larger than life, especially Kleinholz, a Nixon figure who even, yes, bugs himself. In Hollywood's history Stern sees the country's history. Not only is it corrupt and immoral as the Watergate morass; kingpins like Kleinholz are like all three of our last Presidents. Helpless to win a senseless war in Asia, they too thought they could gain control of a situation simply by dropping bombs and by killing people. These parallels are subtly handled.

On the other hand, I wish the novelist had resisted the temptation to include the now near-obligatory scene of the prop warehouse, that Sargasso of the American imagination containing, in Stern's words, "the accumulated dreck of a whole world." There is such a scene in *The Day of the Locust*, in Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night*, and, I suppose, in every other thinking-man's Hollywood novel. Fortunately, Stern's warehouse serves as symbolic backdrop for the book's single most compelling human drama, and therefore the familiar is propitiated. I also wish I were more prepared for Ezra's somewhat sudden shift from a round character to a flattened one, from a man of confidence to one whose apparent specialty is compromise, one who begins to enjoy the illusions of power and manipulation. For, like Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*, the novel is concerned with the unforgivable sin. In Stern's world, "the desire to exercise power over another man or woman" is the final and unkindest cut of all.

Daniel Stern successfully investigates his large themes, and ultimately manages to make us feel that we are indeed all part of one chain, all responsible for our individual actions. His new novel is a convincing portrait of a world ruined by indifference and power.

The Ebony Tower

JOHN FOWLES

Little, Brown $7.95

JAN B. GORDON

Two years ago while in midtown Manhattan to deliver a paper at a professional conference, I casually noticed that one of the attendants at the conference was a woman with whom, years previously, I had shared dreams, disappointments, and insofar as it is ever possible, my self over a prolonged period. Now married and living a half-continent away, she had continued to barter holiday greetings for one of my equally periodic offprints. A transfer student had recently brought me her good wishes and, vowing to see her again, I constructed a fantasy about our necessarily *ménage à trois* reunion. Partially as a defense, I imagined my self as an inspector, searching for emotional leaks in the institution of marriage and confident of my ability to spot any hemorrhage in her ideas of fulfillment. All of which is to say that the first sentence of this review is a lie; there was nothing casual in my awareness of her presence as there seldom is when one stalks the past—for the very reason that as part of my past she had always been with me. Confidently taking the elevator up to her room and poised outside the door, I overheard what sounded like a mild domestic disagreement over their plans for the evening. And, my fantasy violated, I withdrew, immersed within the symbolism of descent, to glance over my tedious paper on deceptive ventriloquy in late nineteenth century narrators.

John Fowles' *The Ebony Tower* is a collection composed of similar episodes, common to most lives, that involve "visitations" to fantasy. Because they are invariably regressive, his fiction often has a faintly ritual quality: removed in time and space, like the *French Lieutenant's Woman* or, in the case of these stories, making use of medieval settings common to the "idyll" or the *matière de Bretagne*. In his "Personal Note" to *The Ebony Tower*, Fowles mentions that the working title for the volume was to have been *Variations*. Fugue-like in structure, these stories rework the same basic melody at a constantly varied scale so that innovation frequently wears the mask of translation. "Eliduc," the second story in this collection, is actually a rendering of one of the twelfth century *Lais* of Marie de France. Hence the reader is quickly thrust into an appreciation of the aesthetics of genre; how do our fictions commence and perhaps secondarily, what is the nature of the interface between the various fictions: art, history, fantasy, family life? Are they all just one more translation—or projection? Fowles' novels and stories by now have easily recognizable characteristics. Relationships in his work tend to be triangulated so that at least one member is always in the position of betraying or being betrayed. The male characters tend to be immersed in crises of history, occupying periods of transition between older forms (of faith, science, art, physical skill) and some new dispensation that always threatens to render them obsolete, a mere relic of someone else's collection. And the threat to free will, at least for the sufferers in his novels, results from the sudden experience of life as an art form over which they exercise neither choice nor sensitivity, but only act out being-as-appearance. What none of his characters can ever tolerate for long

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is unconditional solitude. His fiction seems to explore most often that process by which the extremely private individual becomes socialized, hence his fascination with folklore and the rituals of initiation, conversion, and renewal.

Of course this is merely another way of talking about promises—those we make to ourselves which fall under the rubric of conscience and those external contracts that enable us to be social beings. Were John Fowles to write a cultural history of the world, it might well be an account of civilization's promises and what prompted them. Lurking beneath these tales is a medieval Celtic countryside where the myths of courtly love and feudal defense agreements insured that the private and public modes of defense were one. But the ivory tower where every *rite du passage* concluded, usually by entering into a covenant with some oracle, has now become *The Ebony Tower*: the promise has been compromised from its original derivation meaning "to place before" (pro-mettre) because of the crisis of history. Since there is no longer a discernible succession of before and after, our promises as well as our sins are merely another facet of the conditional.

The title story of *The Ebony Tower* details the visit of a young journalist to the Normandy estate of a bawdy, expatriate painter named Henry Breasley who has consented to a rare interview. The two men quickly become immersed in an argument over the relative importance of abstraction and realism. Breasley, like Yeats before him, is more a believer in fundaments than fundamentals and regards abstraction as the ultimate betrayal of the flesh. His interrogator is puzzled over the living arrangements at the villa at Coetminais—two young, attractive aesthetic groupies who tend but apparently, occasionally make love to an aging painter whose flesh has long since lost the sinuous delicacy of his line. At the border of satisfying his infatuation with one of Breasley's young "gels," the journalist, Miller, withdraws, choosing instead the "technical innocence" of faithfulness to his wife, just as he opts for the technical superiority of abstraction in his taste for art. "Poor Koko," my favorite in this collection, is about a writer who, having retreated to a friend's country house in order to complete a long dormant manuscript on Thomas Love Peacock, wakes to discover that his residence has become a literal "Nightmare Abbey." His intruder is a young vulgar-Marxist robber who believes that the disappearance of all private property is a prelude to the necessary revolution. Vaunting a gentlemanly demeanor in the manner of the best British criminals, he abhors violence, confining himself to silverware, crockery, and cliché. But prior to making off, the young hoodlum commits his bespectacled victim's manuscript to the fireplace. Left with nothing except time to explore the motiveless malignity, the narrator discovers in the young criminal's language evidence of a terrifying isolation brought about by the failure of language itself. To those sufficiently insensitive to the power of the word, language, represented by the soon-to-be reconstructed manuscript, is a peculiar form of private property. Language is no longer merely evidence of social access, but is itself a vehicle of that access.

John Fowles' characters in *The Ebony Tower* are, more often than not, intellectuals who feel the necessity of invoking distance in order to preserve mystery against the pressure of preferences, property, and jealousy. It is as if the process of knowing were itself a kind of violation. There is invariably a contrived incompleteness, such as the one in "The Enigma" in which a respected, if boring MP arranges his own disappearance and a novelist manquée either solves the mystery, commits a crime, or writes her first successful novel, depending upon your perspective. It is this incompleteness over which the promise is a sort of bridge. Hence the abundance of detached types in Fowles' fiction: the journalist, the detective, the "new" Darwinian scientist who always go so far only to turn back. The charm in his work stems from the fact that his retreating souls who turn back, unlike the rest of us, are neither overly sentimental nor cop-outs.

IN BRIEF

THIEVES OF FIRE, *by Denis Donoghue, Oxford, $6.95.* Since their inauguration by W.H. Auden in 1967, the T.S. Eliot Memorial Lectures, given each fall at the University of Kent in Canterbury, have been the occasion of an impressive array of critical statements, delivered by a number of our most distinguished literary scholars and critics. In *Thieves of Fire,* adapted from the series of lectures offered in 1972, Professor Donoghue discusses what he calls the Promethean imagination, present in Milton, Blake, Melville, and D.H. Lawrence—writers who "refuse to accept that in practice the limits of the language determine the possibilities of their feeling" and who

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Dear Reader:

As you can see from this June 20, 1975 issue, the new biweekly *Commonweal* provides considerably more of its illuminating comment this year on the questions of the day. And here are a few recent and characteristic articles you may have missed:

Standoff in the Middle East
by James O'Gara

Congress and the Mayaguez
by Sisyphus

The New Defense Budget
by Peter J. Ognibene

Our Search for Roots
by Abigail McCarthy

Portugal at the Crossroads
by Steven Philip Kramer

The Kung Case
by Adolph Schalk

American Catholicism
by Rosemary Haughton

Writing Saigon's Obituary
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Inside the Oval Office
by Michael Murray

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share, with each other and with the god Prometheus, "a sense of the risk of experience, and a determination to maintain such a life by force of will." Prometheus gave man fire; the Promethean writers gave him, or saw themselves as giving him, consciousness. In each case—and this is the central point of the analogy—the gift has been stolen and "cannot release itself from its origin in violence, risk, and guilt; the receiver is incriminated in the donor's crime. . . . Men are . . . almost as guilty as the thief. The effect of the theft is that we are enabled to differentiate ourselves from nature, much to our advantage, but the advantage is acquired at the price of guilt and division." Professor Donoghue's readings of the four writers are uniformly brilliant, but the implications of his argument for an understanding of the creative act go beyond them. No one interested in literature should neglect this book.

MARK TAYLOR

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CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 195*)

from Western peoples or even from the native peoples themselves! Novak feeds those illusions.

In this Bicentennial year as we celebrate a resort to violence by colonists who suffered little in comparison to the Palestinians, it is not just "realists," as Novak would have us believe, that are turning against Israeli *policy* (not Israeli Jews' human rights). Many of us are humanists, liberals, socialists, Jews, and Christians who believe with Lord Acton that "A state which is incompetent to satisfy different races condemns itself; a state which labors to neutralize, to absorb, or to expel them, destroys its own vitality; a state which does not include them is destitute of the chief basis of self-government."

EDMUND R. HANAUER
Executive Director,
Search for Justice and Equality
in Palestine

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Reply

There is justice on both sides in the Near East. Still, the picture Mr. Hanauer paints seems to me unfair. Israel represents only one one-hundredth of the Arab territories, and not the richest part. Is that too much for the Arab nations to have ceded in 1948, or now? Arab nations have not recognized Israel in law, nor permitted the establishment of stable borders, nor chosen a policy of peace. When they plead "oppression," Arab words cannot be taken at face value. Moreover, Israel has pledged to return the "occupied territories" in exchange for that legal recognition of the state of Israel that guarantees future peace.

Arab nations have refused to assimilate or to assist the Palestinians, who are the only refugees among millions in this century to be denied assistance by their brothers and sisters. Israeli policies toward the Palestinians have often been unenlightened and even wrong; and hundreds of thousands of Jews have been driven out of Arab countries. Not only the Israelis sin.

In every democratic country of Europe and the Americas there are inequities—the migrant workers, the French-Canadians, blacks, and others. In this imperfect world, and under extreme conditions, the Israelis have been extraordinary in their moral, civil, and democratic accomplishments. That they have sinned is not new to the human race.

No nation less than Israel deserves the accusation Hanauer quotes from Acton. A high percentage of the Israelis is Arab Moslem, Arab Christian, and Arab Jewish. Other Israelis come from every culture on the planet. Israel is perhaps the most pluralistic nation on earth. No other Near Eastern nation has achieved comparable democracy or equity. No other could bear the scrutiny of Lord Acton.

MICHAEL NOVAK

Campus Climate

Syracuse, N.Y.

To the Editors: The writer of the March 28 editorial, "Moral Education," suggests that "this new age of tranquility" lacks "moral passion," as if the two were mutually exclusive. Does he mean to say that meditating and going to church smack of passivity and non-involvement? Is a peace march any more "productive" or involve a more acute moral consciousness?

I was alienated by much of the peace movement by an absolute hate for those "morally corrupt" politicians in Washington. Granted, war is an ugly and unwanted tragedy, the Vietnam war being perhaps the ugliest. Nonetheless, any hate directed against individuals is ugly and the hate generated on both sides during the conflict was a tragedy of the highest order.

For the most part, I find that this hate has dissolved and I find this "tranquility" refreshing. I see students attending church, discussing moral issues—in short, becoming involved in a subtle, hopefully growing, revival. It is tranquil, but I doubt very much that it lacks the "moral passion" cited in the editorial.

Other than this, the editorial hits the bull's-eye, especially with the emphasis on an improved core curriculum. The danger, I believe, lies in equating mere physical action (devoid of the deeply felt spiritual dimension) with moral passion. Chardin maintained that the secular thrust must coincide with the spiritual thrust and it is our responsibility to see that neither is neglected.

MIKE MAYER

New Brunswick, N.J.

To the Editors: I read your editorial on "Moral Education" with much interest, relief and gratitude. I was relieved to see that the concern for "moral passion" still prevailed somewhere and that the cynicism spawned by the scars of the sixties had been resisted at *Commonweal*. I was glad to hear your voice raised to once again challenge those among my instructors who, in the aftermath of the enervating '60s, seem now unwilling to structure an education from the premise that our society is a "far-from-just" one. They would rather avoid controversy and, in so doing, avoid both the curriculum and leadership dimensions of the questions posed, too. As for community, it is rarely evidenced—there is no public witness, no engagement of each other, of opinions, of feeling and thinking persons, that is engendered by the institutionalized authorities, the deans, faculty or student organizations. What fellowship there is derives from the enlivened sense of sisterhood among feminist women and that communal feeling possible in some personal relationships. . . .

GARY MITCHELL

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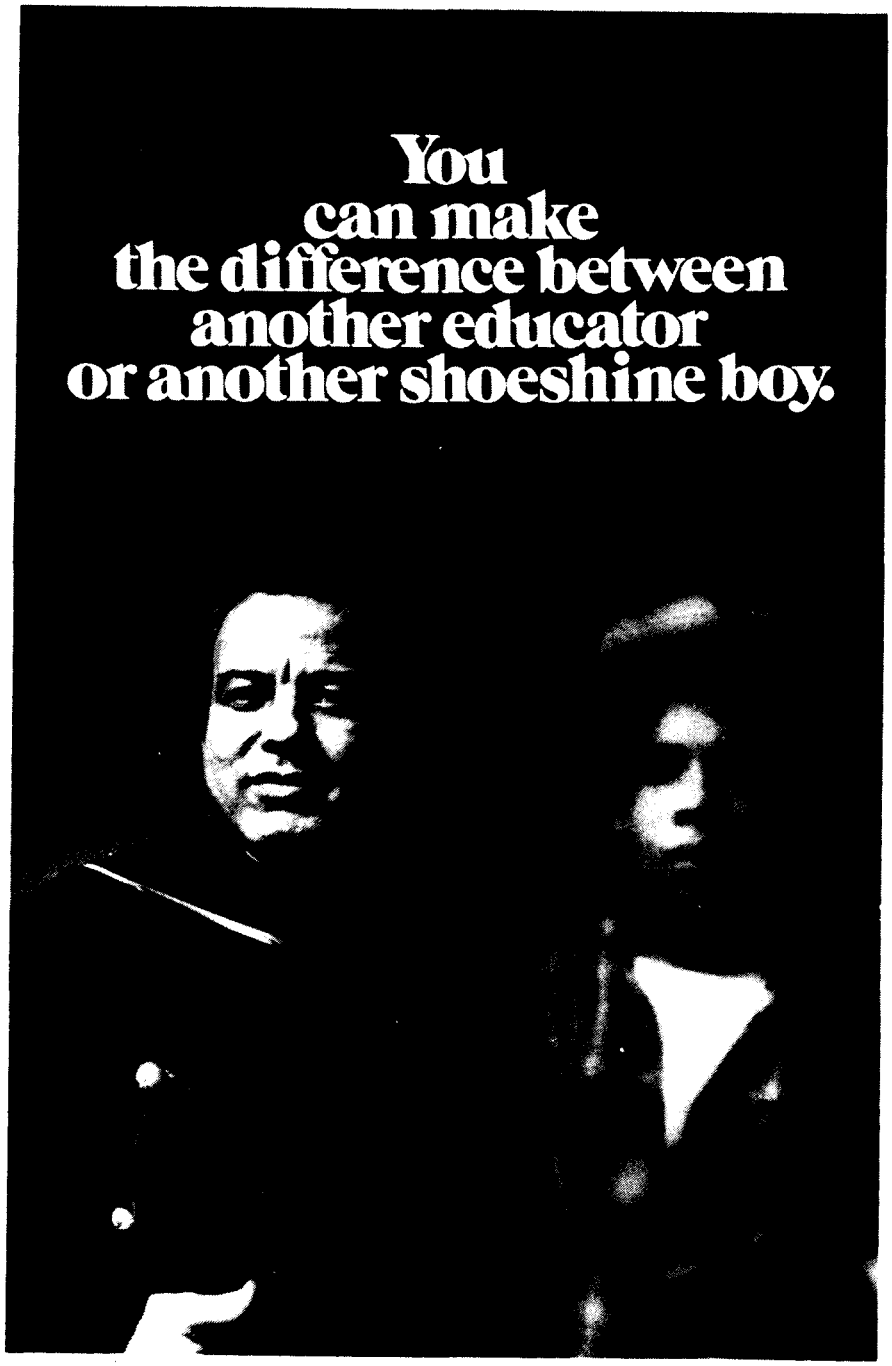

"Education is the bridge between opportunity and despair."—Dr. Norman Francis, President, Xavier University.

From an interview with Dr. Francis:

"My mother and father were not even high school graduates but they educated five children. Their feeling was that in order to make it in life, one had to develop one's talents to the fullest. And that meant learning everything one could learn. What makes this unusual is to have that outlook at a time when there was a Depression, and racial discrimination was very high. You really had to set your sights, as one would say, on the stars.

"I guess I must have shined shoes throughout my high school days. I paid my way through high school shining shoes. Now I must confess, I never thought I'd be a shoeshine boy the rest of my life but shining shoes was not demeaning to me. My father used to say, 'Any man who works with his hands will make a living. Any man who works with his head will make money.'

"Had I not gotten a scholarship to college, and this is the moral of your story, had this institution not existed, supported by the United Negro College Fund, I would not have been able, at that time, to go to college. And I was prepared to accept that. But this school gave me the opportunity."

Dr. Francis is now President of Xavier University. His greatest satisfaction is to see the thousands of black students who have come through his school and gone on to become professionals. "I see the young lawyers, the teachers, I can go to City Hall and see all those young guys and gals. It's like throwing a rock into the water... the ripple effect. And that's the key to change." The United Negro College Fund gave Norman Francis the opportunity to make a significant contribution to society. Your contribution can help us give others the same opportunity. **A mind is a terrible thing to waste.**

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